THE THEATRE

MAY 1916
VOL. XXIII NO. 183

Stage Whispers

What I think of a good play
GEO. C. TYLER

Interview with a
Princess Playwright
HELEN TEN BROECK

What they would have been
if they were not what they are
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Mrs. W. S. E., Atlanta, Ga.

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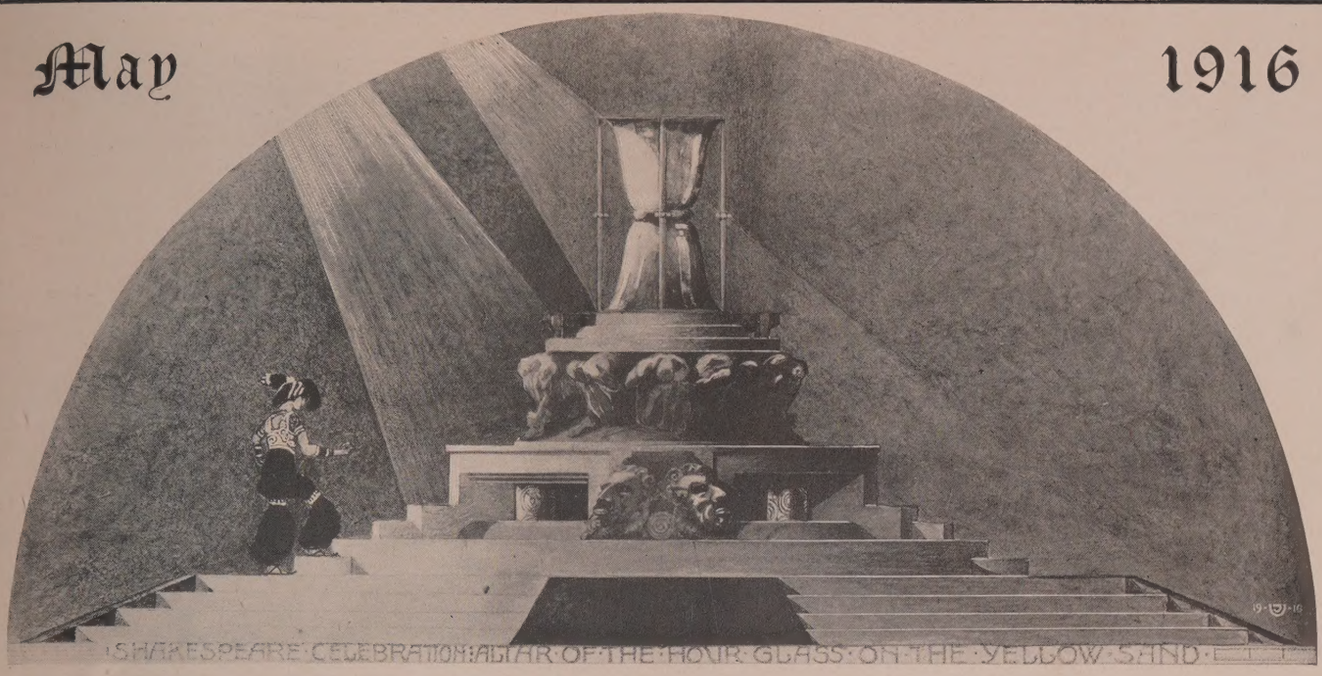
Please inform me where I may purchase the Colonial slippers on page 259 in the April, 1916, THEATRE MAGAZINE; also if they can be had in any other color. Can you tell me where I can buy a blouse like the one Miss Murdock is wearing on page 245, and the price. I will appreciate the information. Thanking you, I am,

Miss M. B. C., Boston, Mass.

May 1916



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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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WHAT TO SEE AT THE THEATRES

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FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "JUST A WOMAN." Play with a "punch," centering around the steel industry in Pennsylvania.

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WHAT TO SEE AT THE THEATRES

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LYRIC. "KATINKA." A typical musical play by the authors of "High Jinks" and "The Firefly."

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE BUBBLE." Return engagement of Louis Mann in Edward Locke's successful comedy.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "KING HENRY VIII." Sir Herbert Tree in a sumptuous production of the Shakespearean play.

PLAYHOUSE. "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION." Shaw's comedy ably presented by Grace George and her company.

PRINCESS. "VERY GOOD EDDIE." Musical piece founded on the farce "Over Night." Well produced.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "TREASURE ISLAND." A creditable performance of the dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's well-known story "Treasure Island."

REPUBLIC. "COMMON CLAY." Sociological drama, highly dramatic, affording Jane Cowl emotional opportunities. Rather weak ending.

39TH STREET. "A KING OF NOWHERE." Lou-Tellegen in a romantic comedy of Henry VIII's period.

WINTER GARDEN. "ROBINSON CRUSOE, JR." Al Jolson in a new production well up to the standard of this playhouse.

THE COVER:

Portrait in Colors of Miss Ruth St. Denis

Ruth St. Denis, though born and brought up on a farm, evinced at such an early age a talent for dancing that she was sent when still quite young to New York to study Delsarte. She was instructed by Bossi, Madame Bonfanti and other well-known teachers. She soon learned that they could not teach her what she wished to know—dancing, not as an acrobatic achievement, but as a fine art, and she began to study alone the wonderful dances of the Orient, where the dance is regarded as a religious rite. She has been highly successful in dance recitals, and is now making a vaudeville tour.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXIII. MAY, 1916 NO. 183

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White

THOMAS A. WISE AS FALSTAFF IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," RECENTLY AT THE CRITERION

Stage Whispers

A Versatile Countenance Billed in a Sunday paper for a moving picture house: "All week—Wm. Farnum in 'The Bondman,' with a change of features daily."

* * *

At the Morgue Hartley Manners has a capital story on Sir Herbert Tree. The English actor had long cherished a card, from Mr. Morgan, inviting him at any time to visit his famous library. One morning, finding himself with a couple of hours' leisure, he decided to make use of the priceless card. Hailing a taxi, he directed the chauffeur to take him to the Morgan Library. After bowling merrily along through countless, clinking miles, the vehicle drew up before an impressively frowning structure, bearing little resemblance to the pure Greek architecture the actor had been led to expect in the Morgan edifice. "I brung you here foist," said the driver, patronizingly, in the idiom of his caste, as he opened the door of his vehicle and motioned the actor to alight. "Is this the library?" inquired Tree dubiously. "Nope," was the paralysing reply, "this here's the morgue; I'll take you to the library afterwoids."

* * *

G. B. Shaw Outwitted Sir Herbert is believed to be the only man alive who can boast of getting the best of George Bernard Shaw in repartee. When "Pygmalion" was produced, Mrs. Campbell and he were both fearful that without love interest, as originally written, it would prove a flat failure. They induced Mr. Shaw, greatly against his will, to write a new last act, with a strong love finale for the play. When the infant was thrown to the critics, it survived, being caressed rather than rended by that guild. It was the final act that justified the play, and all admitted that its enormous success was due to the finale. Shaw, of course, was furious at having a success on his hands, and came around to offer his most stinging congratulations. "You are a happy man," he snarled, "you have ruined my play, but you will profit by your mistake." Tree retorted: "How much happier are you, G. B., in that you are the lucky philosopher who profits by the mistake of another." For the first time in history, Shaw had no caustic reply on the tip of his witty Irish tongue. With a reluctant and twisted smile he stalked away.

* * *

Old Ways and New Experienced actors who go into the "pictures" have a new sensation when they realize the relentless watchfulness of the camera. It seems to them like a mere rehearsal. But it isn't. It is said that when Dorothy Donnelly did her first screen work she could not resist the temptation abruptly to stop acting in the middle of a scene when she felt that some stage business could be improved. She had been accustomed to do it at dress rehearsals, where her suggestions were always respectfully received. But in the movies, when she dropped her hands and stepped forward to say sweetly to the director: "Don't you think, Mr. Blank, it would be better if I did it *this* way?" There was the camera registering it all, and—bang went the film! The picture had to be done all over again. Miss Donnelly has learned her studio lesson now, but they say that at the beginning she inadvertently caused a waste of celluloid which would have made the air blue if she had not been a popular star.

* * *

A Frohman Theatre A permanent Children's Theatre is about to be established in Boston, when the Toy Theatre, more recently known as the Copley, becomes the Frohman Theatre some time next April. Not only is the transfer of the Toy Theatre significant as marking the establishment of the first permanent theatre for the presentation of children's plays only, with five matinées per week, but it will also be the first playhouse in the country to bear the name of Frohman.

* * *

A Shocking Success A critic recently deplored the success of "The Boomerang" on the ground that it is "trivial" entertainment. It did not occur to him, perhaps, to sympathize with David Belasco, whose artistic soul must be equally shocked at the public taste which pays him about $18,000 a week. It would have been quite in order, too, to sympathize with the actors for their unfortunate engagement in such piffling entertainment. Quite true, Mr. Critic, this sort of wasteful art should be discouraged.

* * *

A Cantankerous Lamb Ellen Terry tells a funny story about Henry Irving. From his childhood up, Henry was lonely. His chief companions in youth were the Bible and Shakespeare. He used to study "Hamlet" in the Cornish fields, when he was sent out by his aunt, Mrs. Penberthy, to call in the cows. One day, when he was in one of the deep, narrow lanes common in that part of England, he looked up and saw the face of a sweet little lamb gazing at him from the top of the bank. The symbol of the lamb in the Bible had always attracted him, and his heart went out to the dear little creature. With some difficulty he scrambled up the bank, slipping often in the damp, red earth, threw his arms round the lamb's neck and kissed it. *The lamb bit him.*

* * *

High Brow Drama Brander Matthews declares that "the highbrow is a real menace to the drama." So he is. Those people who are continually talking about the decadence of the drama and how much better it was in the days gone by are ignorant of the history from which they quote so glibly. In many phases of acting it is not as good. In play construction, development of character and appropriate dialogue the greater part of the present is infinitely superior to the major part of the past's very best. The "highbrows" are constantly clamoring for the literary drama, which to them means a play written by an established name in letters. If he is a foreign author so much the better. What is the result? Most plays from such a source are hopelessly deficient in what goes to make up a play that will either act or amuse. Others go into ecstasies about anything that comes from abroad. The result is we hear a tremendous amount about uplifting drama and are regaled with sad exhibitions of Strindberg, Bjornson and Hauptmann at their worst.

Quoth the Raven— Charles Brookfield, in his delightful "Reminiscences," tells some amusing experiences in theatrical boarding houses. "Generally the smaller salaried actors stayed in theatrical lodgings; these, as a rule, were terribly stuffy, dirty little dens, but cheap. I used usually to find facing my bed a grinning lithograph of a popular comedian who, I fancy, used to present his work of art to the various landladies in part discharge of his bill. I also had, for my sins, to subsist a good deal on a favorite stew of his, strongly flavored with onions and Worcester sauce. Most of my hostesses would produce at the end of the week a visitor's book, in which one was expected to write his name, together with some complimentary sentiment. The most popular seemed to be, 'A home from home.' I once simply wrote, 'Quoth the raven....,' and the landlady, who didn't understand the quotation, was profuse in her thanks. I believe to this day she shows it with pride to her visitors."

* * *

Long Waits for Recognition John Galsworthy's "Justice" has been greeted as the dramatic triumph of the season. It is packing the Candler Theatre. "Major Barbara" was one of the successful offerings of the past winter. Both of these plays have been awaiting production in America for something like ten years, while managers, from time to time, have lamented the lack of good material. One wonders how many plays being written to-day will receive their first recognition from a 1926 audience.

* * *

Difficulties of the Repertoire System The difficulty of maintaining a first-class repertory company is illustrated in Grace George's experience at the Playhouse. Success and publicity for an actor mean offers from other managers and more money. Mary Nash left to star in a new production and returned after its failure; Conway Tearle made capital of his prestige by entering the movies, and Louis Calvert resigned when there was talk of a trip to Chicago. In the days of the Daly stock there were few temptations to desert, hence loyalty was an easy virtue.

* * *

Twenty Authors to One Play If "it takes nine tailors to make a man," The Friars see no reason why twenty authors shouldn't be employed in writing a play. That, at least, appears to be the theory upon which this theatrical club is working in the preparation of a short melodrama for its forthcoming Frolic. This melodrama is to run twenty minutes and to be written by twenty authors—an author a minute. The dramatists expected to work upon this multi-collaboration are Augustus Thomas, George M. Cohan, Bayard Veiller, Louis Anspacher, Eugene Walter, Channing Pollock, Rennold Wolf, James Montgomery, Augustus McHugh, Max Marcin and others. The scheme is only an elaboration of the English musical comedy system, but think of the royalties, if royalties had to be paid on a play like this, and think what would happen when the first-night audience called "Author?"

The New Plays

CANDLER. "JUSTICE." Play in four acts by John Galsworthy. Produced on April 3rd with this cast:

Jaames How, Henry Stephenson; Walter How, Charles Francis; Robert Cokeson, O. P. Heggie; William Falder, John Barrymore; Sweedle, Cecil Clovelly; Wister, F. Cecil Butler; Cowley, Watson White; Mr. Justice Floyd, Wallis Clark; Harold Cleaver, Thomas Louden; Hector Frome, Lester Lonergan; Captain Danson, V. C., Rupert Harvey; The Rev. Hugh Miller, Walter Geer; Edward Clements, John S. O'Brien; Wooder, Ashton Tonge; Moaney, Charles Dodsworth; Clipton, Walter McEwin; O'Cleary, Warren F. Hill; Ruth Honeywill, Cathleen Nesbitt.

Galsworthy's "Justice," which had its first American production in Chicago by the Hull House Players in 1911, has found its way to the New York stage for the first time after fifteen years of neglect, and established itself at once as a successful venture in every material sense.

The production of the play here was an experiment. That plays of the kind should succeed should be the simple, customary thing. We say of the kind, for while Galsworthy possesses that sincerity that makes effective playwriting, he is usually so exasperatingly indeterminate that he defeats his own purpose. The production of the play in England is said to have brought about prison reforms. Possibly; but the revelation of prison horrors is only a part of the significance of the play. Much that is set forth in it is incurably inherent in character.

A young man employed as a clerk raises a check in order to procure money with which to leave England with its moral and legal impediments to his marrying or living with a woman whose husband is a brute, unworthy of her. The conditions thus involved constitute the background of the story. In them lie the most pitiful and touching aspects of the case. It is this human side of it that, with its sympathetic quality, outweighs the undeniable justice of the penal laws. Possibly a part of the indictment against English social and legal conditions may not be discerned by American audiences. But our audiences, lacking full information, do not analyze the situation. They see only the simple story of weaklings, weak by force of circumstance, by the operation of the laws, helpless with their natural inclinations for liberty in the face of a superior force. The young man cannot escape circumstances and the working of the law. For his forgery he experiences the horrors of solitary confinement, and, after his release, still followed by the law for a minor offense in procuring employment, he escapes the law by suicide.

Three features of the play find full expression in the acting. The culprit, the weakling, the victim (played by John Barrymore) is seen in his cell. It is an astonishingly effective bit of acting appalling with its simplicity and truth. The pallid, shorn face, not disguised by artifice, is not the familiar one of John Barrymore. In fact, there is no artifice anywhere, none in the acting. The performance is individual, one of those achievements that we are accustomed to call inimitable, and which belong ever after to the one actor. The mechanical hasty tread of the floor of the cell from side to side would be as obvious a means of expression to one actor as to another, just as it is natural to the prisoner. He is affrighted, in the wrecked state of his nerves, at his portentous shadow on the wall, an inexplicable something apart from him; he hears the hammering on their doors of the prisoners in futile revolt; the scene closes with his beating on the door added to the din. Throughout Mr. Barrymore's acting was repression. John Barrymore usually means animation, joy of living and a certain sense of being John Barrymore, pleasing enough to behold; none of that this time. He was subdued to the character he worked with. Admirable. He was one of the accidents, so to speak, that make for this unexpected success of a play not adapted to entertainment or even edification.

William Balfour and Grace George in Bernard Shaw's play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," at the Playhouse

The second accident, so to speak, was O. P. Heggie as the good hearted head clerk.

The third accident, provided in the laboratories of nature, was Cathleen Nesbitt as the unfortunate creature for whom and himself the prisoner sought a better life and finally died.

EMPIRE. "RIO GRANDE." Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced on April 4th with this cast:

Colonel Bannard, Richard Bennett; Lieut. Ellsworth, Calvin Thomas; Colonel Wolcott, Bennett Southard; Major Lane, Robert McWade; Bill Hecht, Frank Campeau; Captain Meadows, Saxon Kling; Dr. Carson, Francis M. Verdi; Dr. Morris, Theodore von Elz; Trooper Redmond, John Warnick; Mexican, Juan Villiana; Mrs. Lane, Amelia Gardner; Nan, Lola Fisher; Sue Meadows, Gertrude Dalton.

After several excursions

Photos White

Margaret Mower and Frank Conroy

SCENE IN "THE MAGICAL CITY," NOW BEING PRESENTED BY THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS AT THE BANDBOX THEATRE

White
Charles Cherry, Cynthia Brooke, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Montagu Love
SCENE IN "THE GREAT PURSUIT" RECENTLY AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

into the field of psychic research and the subtle analysis of character and motives, with varying and questionable success, Augustus Thomas has returned to the medium best associated with his fame. "Rio Grande" is a straight out and out melodrama on an American theme constructed with notable skill, developed by characters redolent and instinct of the soil and expressed in terse pregnant dialogue. A play of picturesque movement and gripping power is "Rio Grande." Very human, tense and characteristic is Richard Bennett's rendering of the elderly Colonel married to his youthful ward. Equally soldierly and apt is Robert McWade as the Major, while his efficient wife, the common-sense guardian of the Post's morals, is brilliantly rendered by Amelia Gardner. The couple in design and execution could not be improved upon. The young lieutenant whose love for the Colonel's wife brings about the tragic complications is agreeably presented by Calvin Thomas, while the despicable orderly is acted with swift telling strokes by Frank Campeau. Lola Fisher is the young wife. She plays with unaffected simplicity and true emotional effectiveness. The settings are admirable and the staging deftly illuminating.

PLAYHOUSE. "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION." Play in three acts by Bernard Shaw. Produced on March 29th with this cast:

Leslie Rankin, Herbert Druce; Felix Drinkwater, Lewis Edgard; Hassan, George Kent; Lady Cicely Waynflete, Grace George; Sir Howard Hallam, Ernest Lawford; Marzo, Guthrie McClintic; Captain Brassbound, Robert Warwick; Kiddy Redbrook, Malcolm Morely; Johnson, Richard Clarke; Osman, Rexford Kendrick; Sidi el Assif, William Balfour; Cadi el Kintafi, Clarence Derwent; Petty Officer, Daniel Eames; Captain Hamlin Kearney, John Cromwell.

For the fifth and last production of her first stock company season at the Playhouse, Grace George presented "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Artistically successful in every way, the final offering measured up to the high standard set by its predecessors. The Shawian comedy is perfect entertainment. How irresistible is a pretty woman, reliant, capable, witty and endowed with common sense! Mr. Shaw exploits amid picturesque surroundings and with the aid of that scintillating dialogue of shrewd truth, sparkling epigram and bewildering but amusing paradox. As Lady Cicely Waynflete, Miss George is a charmingly engaging representative of irresponsible, but accomplishing youth. She makes the rôle younger, perhaps, than the author originally intended, but it loses nothing thereby. As Brassbound, the surly product of imagined injustice, Robert Warwick leaves nothing to be desired. A picture of virile splendor he acts the tamed brute with fine repressed fervor and picturesque expression. His cockney assistant was the real thing as presented by Lewis Edgard, while the imperturbable jurist, Sir Howard Hallam, found a happy exponent in Ernest Lawford. The American Naval Captain's comic perplexity was neatly expressed by John Cromwell.

W. Graham Browne and Marie Tempest in "The Great Pursuit"

SHUBERT. "THE GREAT PURSUIT." Comedy in four acts by C. Haddon Chambers, a new version of "The Idler." Produced on March 22nd with this cast:

General Merryweather, W. Graham Browne; Kate Merryweather, Jeanne Eagels; Lady Harding, Phyllis Neilson-Terry; Sir John Harding, Montagu Love; Blossom, Eric Nelson; Benson, Nicholas Joy; Mark Crosby, Charles Cherry; Mrs. Crosby, Cynthia Brooke; Simeon Strong, Bruce McRae; Miss Swinnington, Dorothea Frisby; Hargraves, Alexandra Herbert; Mrs. Gynn-Stanmore, Marie Tempest; Lord Airdale, W. S. Helder; Lady Airdale, Edith King; Scrantoni, Arthur Holbrook; Lord Winters, Gordon Gunniss; Lady Norton, Alys Baldwin; Bennett, Harry Neville.

When "The Idler" was originally produced at the old Lyceum Theatre in 1890 it was a fair success. Married women who visited men in their bachelor's quarters at peculiar hours had something then of the element of dramatic surprise. The situation since has been worked to death. C. Haddon Chambers, its author, has rewritten his old piece under the name of "The Great Pursuit," which Joseph Brooks presented at the Shubert with a really superior cast. But all the labor involved is unproductive. From almost every point of view "The Great Pursuit" is a hopelessly bad play. For an hour and a half the fable advances not a jot, a lot of irrelevant characters and talk are introduced. There is a lamentable lack of motive, while each character in turn indulges in a monologue that the audience may get a glimmering of what it is all about.

Sir John Harding, who in his reckless days of youth killed a man out West, is played by Montagu Love with much sincerity. Bruce McRae is the American brother of the murdered man, hot for vengeance. Quite un-American, Mr. McRae, always pleasing, is nice and manly. Charles Cherry is a young Englishman who feels he was jilted by the wife of Sir John, and who very caddishly tries to utilize his knowledge of the homicide to his selfish end. Mr. Cherry looks in fine physical shape and is quite satisfactory. The wife, who is so nearly compromised, is acted by Phyllis Neilson-Terry. Miss Terry is a very beautiful example of youthful British womanhood. Then there is Marie Tempest, impudently arch, clever and amusing as

knowing widow, and Cynthia Brooke as Mr. Cherry's mother, a rôle which she acts with discerning elegance and distinction. W. Graham Browne is a conventional English general and Jeanne Eagels a flippant daughter.

CORT. "THE BLUE ENVELOPE." Farce in three acts by Frank Hatch and Robert E. Homans. Produced on March 13th with this cast:

John Doe, Walter Jones; Richard Roe, George Probert; Dr. Andrew Maurice, George W. Howard; Colonel Horatio Bulger, Edwin Forsberg; Dr. Plank, Ralph Nairn; Professor Coogan, John L. Kearney; Attendant, Ford Fenimore; First Policeman, C. W. Goodrich; Mrs. Steele, Belle Theodore; Mary Ackers, Ethel Valentine; Mrs. Doe, Beth Franklyn; Alma, Josie Sadler; The Angel, Carrie Reynolds.

"The Blue Envelope," as the title of a play, immediately suggests a transaction in which "papers" figure. We know that these "papers" are to pass through various hands, and that the vicissitudes of comedy or tragedy are dependent on them. It is easy to say that they have served their time in the drama, but they have never been known to fail to provide entertainment of some sort. The papers in this case are a package of love letters which complicate the love affairs of a number of people and which help the action of the play without being tediously obtrusive.

The play is so complicated in its antecedent conditions that it is slow in getting down to action, so that it only reaches a good measure of hilarity in its last act, when the wife of one of the comedy characters and the sweetheart of another find them in a sanitarium pretending to be under treatment. There are so many tangles to be unraveled that the humor is more in individual performances than in the scheme or incidents of the play. Such a good actor as Walter Jones could not fail to be amusing from time to time He, married, has written love letters to an anonymous young women who proves to be as attractive as she is crafty. She turned out to be already married to one of the characters visiting the sanitarium, so that in the end John Doe (Walter Jones), embarrassed by the presence of his wife who has found his whereabouts, escapes the penalty of writing unauthorized love letters; while his companion in the resort, Richard Roe (George Probert), the former husband of the women with the Blue Envelope, is enabled to marry the girl he loves, escaping his former wife's demands, for her present husband turns up among the inmates of the sanitarium.

Whatever value the play may have is in its production and some bits of acting. Ralph Nairn gives a droll performance of a doctor at the sanitarium, and a similar character, differentiated, is amusingly played by George Howard. Carrie Reynolds and Beth Franklyn are attractive as the two principal women. In short, the farce is wholly of the stage and is possible only because of the individual merits of the performers. These performers give us some delicious moments, but it is from them and not from the play. They provide something human for the artificial product, which sparkles and bubbles at all times, and serves to keep the audience in good humor. Some of the scenes in the play are very laughable, especially those in Plank's Sanitarium where Walter Jones' antics as the patient caused gales of merriment. The piece is well staged and affords ample scope for clever farce.

Photos White

John L. Kearney, Carrie Reynolds, Ethel Valentine, George Probert, Beth Franklyn, Walter Jones

Walter Jones and Carrie Reynolds

John L. Kearney, Ethel Valentine, Beth Franklyn, Ralph Nairn, Walter Jones, Belle Theodore

NEW AMSTERDAM. "KING HENRY VIII." Historical play by William Shakespeare presented on March 14th with the following cast:

King Henry VIII, Lyn Harding; Cardinal Wolsey, Herbert Tree; Cranmer, Charles Fuller; Cardinal Campeius, Claude Beerbohm; Duke of Norfolk, Fred Eric; Duke of Buckingham, Charles Dalton; Duke of Suffolk, Reginald Carrington; Earl of Surrey, Eric Maxon; Lord Chamberlain, Lionel Braham; Lord Abergavenny, Edward S. Forbes; Lord Sands, Arthur Row; Sir Henry Guildford, A. D. Mavity; Sir Thomas Lovell, Craig Ward; Sir Nicholas Vaux, Alfred Shirley; Thomas Cromwell, Douglas Ross; Griffith, Henry Herbert; 1st Gentleman, Eric Snowden; 2nd Gentleman, Charles Howard; Garter King at Arms, H. R. Irving; Surveyor, Gerald Hamer; Sergeant-at-Arms, Arthur Gaskill; Servant, Walter Plinge; A Crier, Cecil Nixon; A Scribe, Frank Arnold; Jester, Henry Herbert; Queen Katharine, Edith Wynne Matthison; Anne Bullen, Willette Kershaw; An Old Lady, Maud Milton; Patience, Katherine Sayre.

In a sumptuous and splendidly pictorial production of "Henry VIII," Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, as Cardinal Wolsey, made his first American reappearance after an absence of eighteen years, at the New Amsterdam Theatre. As it is now accepted that the greater part of the text of this historical chronicle play was written by John Fletcher and others and merely touched up and embellished by the Bard of Avon, no particular howl can go up that the book has been mangled to make an actor-manager's holiday. Much of the text can be cut and this has been done, for after all its main interest is centered in a few big scenes, for four vital characters. The rest is pageantry as the stage directions plainly indicate. The verse is not swamped in excess of costume and decoration; on the contrary some interesting incidents are marvellously enhanced by the beauty of the appointments.

Cardinal Wolsey is a rôle that makes no severe tax on the equipment of any well grounded player. It is pantomimically showy. The evidences of the prelates swelling ambitions, his love of pomp, his cruel sacrifice of all those who would block his march to the Papal chair find powerfully picturesque expression in Sir Herbert's polished technic. It is an impressive, if uninspired, figure that he presents outwardly, while the mental traits of the Cardinal are deftly and illuminatively presented. Sir Herbert's elocutionary gifts are varied and

SCENES IN "THE BLUE ENVELOPE," THE FARCE AT THE CORT THEATRE

expressive, and the long recital before the close in which "the butcher's cur" relates the story of his tragic downfall is delivered with moving eloquence. A superlatively excellent rendering of Bluff King Hal is given by Lyn Harding. It is an impersonation of sterling merit, sustained, humorous and withal historical.

Plaintively sincere, if somewhat monotonous in speech, is Edith Wynne Matthison as the Queen. Womanly, tender and gentle it differs from the majestic sweep of imperious indignation so associated with readings of Arragon's Katharine. Charles Dalton makes a pathetic figure as Buckingham and the numerous minor rôles are all adequately if not brilliantly presented. The scenic features are very beautiful and the final scene is a finely composed picture of impressive solemnity, brilliant color and well-handled moving mass.

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CRITERION. "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." Comedy by William Shakespeare presented on March 20th with this cast:

Sir John Falstaff, Thomas A. Wise; Mr. Ford, Orrin Johnson; Mr. Page, Fuller Mellish; Fenton, Paul Gordon; Justice Shallow, Owen Meech; Sir Hugh Evans, Ernest Cove; Dr. Caius, Robert Paton Gibbs; Slender, Percival Vivian; Host of the Garter Inn, Charles W. Butler; Bardolph, William E. Evans; Pistol, Edward Kummeron; Nym, Henley Edwards; Robin, Reggie Sheffield; Simple, Barry McCullom; Rugby, Ralph Bradley; John, Harry Smith; Robert, Forrest Doolittle; Mistress Ford, Viola Allen; Mistress Page, Henrietta Crosman; Anne Page, Beatrice Beckley; Mistress Quickley, Annie Hughes.

Joseph Urban is a very remarkable scenic painter, but when the expression of his art becomes so dominant that a Shakespearean classic is sacrificed to conform to its demands it is time to call a halt. When in addition the Reinhardt-Sumurun influence brought down by Prof. Ordynski is emphasized still more it is not surprising that the presentation of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Criterion, is a far from satisfying one. This is a pity for Mr. Hackett has spent a great deal of time and money on the production. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is a simple Elizabethan farce which, for effectiveness, should be acted in the spirit of the veritable English tradition. Nothing is gained by clothing the characters in costumes better suggestive of the Arabian Nights than Warwickshire. Much is lost when the simple interior of a British inn is exchanged for a something that would adequately represent Aladdin's cave. Anything more uncomfortable than this scene "where mine ease" is supposed to be taken could hardly be imagined. The whole scenic conception is bizarre, theatrical and inappropriate. To the use of the practical bridge in the first act, reason, sense and clarity are all sacrificed.

To get up the rôle of Sir John Falstaff in a week is a herculean task but Thomas A. Wise did it when Mr. Hackett's illness made it impossible for that player to assume the rôle so indissolubly associated with his distinguished father's histrionic fame. Mr. Wise was more than satisfactory as Sir John and as he acquires ease in the part should soon round it into a characterization of superlative art value. It is human, mellow, unctuous and picturesque. The fat knight as he renders him is instinct with rich and ripe humor. Paul Gordon is an impulsive Fenton; Beatrice Beckley a sweet and gracious Anne Page; Annie Hughes an efficiently varied Dame Quickley, and Percy Vivian a characteristically fatuous Slender. Orrin Johnson's Ford is highly explosive. The wives are played respectively by Viola Allen and Henrietta Crosman. A more restlessly but aimlessly animated pair never trod the boards. Fuller Mellish was a capable Page; Charles W. Butler was droll as Mine Host of the Garter, and some really spirited and natural acting was done by Master Reggie Sheffield as Robin, Sir John's sophisticated boy.

White

MRS. FISKE
In the title rôle of "Erstwhile Susan" at the Gaiety

Morrison

AMY FITZPATRICK
Seen recently as Sister Cecilia in the Belasco production of "Marie-Odile"

Johnston

HELEN ROGERS
This attractive singer will shortly make her appearance in the concert field

White Orrin Johnson Viola Allen Reggie Sheffield Henrietta Crosman

SCENE IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," RECENTLY AT THE CRITERION

"HENRY IV." PART II. The Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon deserves all praise for its courage and enterprise in making a revival of Henry IV, Part II. Two performances of this chronicle history, the first in over ninety years, were given at the Century Lyceum before deservingly large and appreciative audiences. The production was finely sympathetic in the adequateness and appropriateness of the scenery and costumes. Presented under the direction of Prof. Richard Ordynski, long time assistant of Reinhardt, it offered all the best features of that system in Shakespearean presentation. Color, movement and speed were nicely blended and for amateurs the effect produced was quite out of the ordinary. There was good humorous unction displayed by C. B. Wetherell as Sir John Falstaff and good reading by Sam Hume as Prince Hal (himself stage decorator of fine accomplishment). As a sustained picture of character instinct with the best spirit of the traditional, R. T. Twitchell's Bardolph was a gem of comic assumption.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S "SEE AMERICA FIRST." Comic opera in two acts by T. Lawrason Riggs and Cole Porter. Produced on March 28th with this cast:

Lo, Henry Red Eagle; La-La, Jeanne Cartier; Percy, Clifton Webb; Guy, Leo Gordon; Mamaduke, Lloyd Carpenter; Cecil, Duke of Pendragon, John Goldsworthy; Sarah Perkins, Clara Palmer; Algernon, Algernon Greig; Chief Blood-in-His-Eye, Felix Adler; Ethel, Ronnie June; Gwendolyn, Betty Brewster; Muriel, Gypsy O'Brien; Polly Huggins, Dorothie Bigelow; Senator Huggins, Sam Edwards; And Ambrose, Himself.

"See America First" is good entertainment. The book seems to have originated among colle

students is not a serious matter for criticism. In effectiveness the little opera is professional. The plot is impossible except to the willing imagination. There was never a school in which young women in the West were taught the manners of Squaws or that Squaws were taught the manners of society. It is possible that a young woman of society may go West to find a real man for her husband, as she does in this little opera, so that fancy and fact are evenly enough balanced. What takes place is in the open, without doors to slam and run in and out of; there are no "papers"; there is none of the usual stuff of comedy or farce equally preposterous. We have nature translated with a free hand. The production is also without artificiality. Sensuousness is avoided, but the sense of attractive personal beauty and that which is spiritually pleasing is characteristic of the production.

White EVA SWAIN
A prominent member of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School

It would seem that the principal figure in the opera among the women is a young lady of social distinction, stage ambitions and ample means. That is a personal equation which has a certain interest, but it is immaterial, requiring no particular consideration. Miss Dorothie Bigelow was the pupil of Jean de Reszke, and is equipped vocally. Her singing is better than her speaking voice, which needs training. She is handsome and self-possessed. She only has to become self-possessed in the professional way. She lacks freedom in expression in acting, but her first appearance may be regarded as successful. The cast was competent. Some of the comedy was supplied from the outside by Felix Adler, a fun maker who may be described as having something of the New Thought in him. The chorus dancing was good. Many of the songs were up to the standard. The scenery was of a high artistic order.

BANDBOX. Four one act plays presented on March 20th with the following players:

Mary Morris Ralph Roeder, Mary Timmons, Robert Strange, Frank Conroy, Harold Meltzer, Glenn Hunter, Dudley G. Tucker, Florence Enright, Jean Strange, Eleanor M. Cox, Helen Westley, C. Hooper Trask, Marjorie Dean, Edward J. Ballantine, Margaret Mower, W. A. Richardson, Jr., Spalding Hall, Roland Young, Josephine A. Meyer, Suzette Stuart, Walter Frankl, Lillian Hudson, Holland Robin Hudson, Otto K. Liveright, C. Hooper Trask, S. A. Eliot, Jr.

The Washington Square Players are extremely clever in the variations on nature. They do wonders with small means in getting stage effects. They stand alone in that particular. Not all their plays are significant or essentially new, but every new bill has something worth the while. "Children," by Guy Bolton and Tom Carlton, the first play in their last bill, does not strike a true note. It concerns negroes in a country district in South Carolina. A mother who has two grown sons, one just escaped from the penitentiary and the other a criminal sought by the authorities for some crime just committeed, shoots and kills the one son hiding behind curtains in order to save the other son. By killing the one son at the moment the officers are about to drag him from his hiding place the fresh crime is fixed on the slain son, who was innocent of it, and further domestic trouble was averted. If this is not an exact statement of the situation it is sufficient that a negro mother slays one son to save another. The little play is saturated with criminality, and is shocking without any compensation.

"The Age of Reason," a comedy by Cecil Dorrian, is more to the purpose. A girl and her friend, a girl companion, discuss the separation that is about to take place between the parents of one of them. They hold a kind of court and decree what the parents should do, namely remarry in a way that will provide step-parents of the directed choice. One of the grown actresses emphasized childhood by appearing in bare legs. This was a touch of the much sought after novelty.

Mishkin VIRGINIA GITCHELL
This five-year-old child scored a hit at the recent performance given by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School

"The Magical City," a play in free verse, by Zoe Atkins, was of the day; an old, old story, but new in its externals, its stagecraft and verse. An actress, beloved by a poet, to whom her heart, such as it is, is given, has chosen the easiest way and lives on the bounty of a rich protector. The half-mad poet kills this man when he unexpectedly returns to the apartment. The not unusual scene was unusually well played. There were some unconventional touches in it. Miss Margaret Mower, her first appearance on this stage we believe, revealed herself as an actress of promise. At her first appearance on the scene she threw aside her opera cloak and stood forth half clad, coming direct from some scene of stage triumph.

In "Pierre Patelin," a French farce of the fifteenth century, the players were at their best. No one could imagine that a play of the fifteenth century could represent any new and advanced ideas. It was new in its quaintness and oldness. The use of a few curtains gave us interiors and exteriors without the need of shifting of scenery and of consequent waits. Twenty people were employed in it. Roland Young, as the Notary, Josephine A. Meyer, the wife, and Walter Frankl as the draper, were of a professional excellence rare in any company.

BOOTH. "The Co-Respondent." Play in four acts by Alice Leal Pollock and Rita Weiman. Produced on April 10th with this cast:

Servant in the Junction House, H. S. Von Weiser; Robert Gordon, Harrison Hunter; James Morell, William L. Gibson; Anne Gray, Irene Fenwick; Detective Mahoney, Louis Hartman; Detective Granger, Edward Spalding; Sweeney, George Clarke; Fred Calvin, H. H. Sleight; Georgie Welsingham, Suzanne Willa; John Manning, Norman Trevor; Mrs. Spotswell, Winifred Harris; Herne J. W. Hartman, Mrs. Langdon Van Kreel, Marie Chambers; Craig Stephenson, Harry Hadfield.

Anne Gray, a simple young New England woman, just escapes, in an obscure Western town, a mock marriage to Langdon Van Kreel, who is already married. Coming to New York she becomes a star reporter of the *Daily News* the managing editor of which is in love with her. He gives her the assignment to find out the name of the co-respondent in the Van Kreel divorce suit. She finds that she is the woman named. How publicity is avoided, how her good name is cleared and her happiness secured Alice Leal Pollock and Rita Weiman have worked out with fine technical ingenuity, sustained interest and direct logical movement in a four-act play. It is a pity the piece was not produced earlier in the season. It is an offering of distinct merit and literary achievement. No one who witnesses it will be other than finely entertained. Anne Gray is acted by Irene Fenwick with nice simplicity, genuine sincerity and emotional conviction. Harrison Hunter, as the selfish egoist Van Kreel is a vital exponent of social suavity. The managing editor is played with graceful vigor and freedom from exaggeration by Norman Trevor. The laconic business-like humor of the city editor finds happy expression in the person of H. H. Sleight, Van Kreel's wife is deftly outlined by Marie Chambers. The minor rôles are in excellent hands The third act of

(*Continued on page* 304)

Mishkin QUEENIE SMITH
Another graceful member of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School

© Ira L. Hill
MAY COCHRANE

A leading exponent of the modern dance. Miss Cochrane is a great society favorite and her charming personality has won for her many admirers. Even Wall Street men are found among her pupils, seeking in the "Hesitation" distraction from financial worries.

Sarony
ENID BENNETT
Playing Clara Fleckner in "Cock o' the Walk" with Otis Skinner

© Ira L. Hill
LILLIAN ALLEN

Appearing for the screen with the Equitable Company. Her latest release is "The Shadow of a Doubt," in which she appears as Ruth

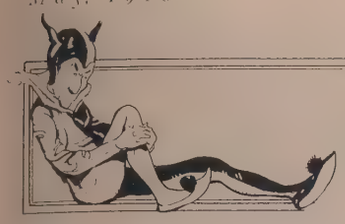
© Floyd
NAOMI CHILDERS
A favorite film star of the Vitagraph Company

© Ira L. Hill
ROMA JUNE

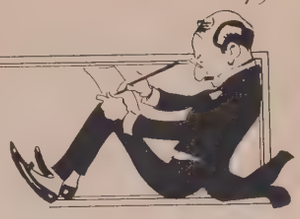
In "See America First," the comic opera recently seen at Maxine Elliott's

© Ira L. Hill
JUSTINE JOHNSTONE
Seen with Gaby Deslys in "Stop! Look! Listen!"

NEW PORTRAITS OF SOME POPULAR FAVORITES



Profanity on the Stage



By ALAN DALE

The use of profanity on the modern stage is accepted as inevitable, and worse still, as one of the most potent provokers of the capricious thing known as laughter.

HAVE you ever heard of a dreadful disease called *mania blasphematoria,* or word-madness? It isn't one of those things that you catch at any particular time of year, and for which "patent medicines" are sold across drug store counters. Nor would it appear that it depends upon a "germ." The ordinary practitioner might find some difficulty in diagnosing the symptoms, but just the same, the malady exists. It has been proclaimed as virulent by no less an authority than our old friend, Dr. Max Nordau, and it was discovered by a gentleman called Virga. The dreadful disorder is said to be very sinister, leading to all kinds of moral disaster, and many know its dire results.

The New York stage, at the present time, appears to be in the acute throes of *mania blasphematoria,* and the horror of word-madness. What we find it easier to consider under the simple title of profanity rages in our midst, and has become so popular, and so terrifyingly general that, as a rule, it eludes our notice. The use of profanity on the modern stage—principally the American stage—no longer finds any dissenting voice in its chorus of upholders. It is accepted as inevitable, and worse still, as one of the most potent provokers of the capricious thing known as laughter.

When a comedian has run the gamut of his witticisms, and the audience is still cold and "unresponsive," and the critics are making mental notes of the usual "lack of humor," and the fate of a production hangs in the balance, profanity is called upon to help the situation, and usually succeeds in actually saving it! The comedian at bay, gives loud utterance to the word that signifies "Hades!" and the ice is broken. Men burst into laughter at the brilliancy of the sally (it sounds so home-like!), and strange to say, women, whose delicacy we love to idealize, are equally amused. The interjection is uttered loudly and without hesitation, and for some occult reason, it seems to put the entire assemblage at its ease.

The situations of the average farce may seem strained and conventional and a lack of colloquial humor may militate against it, but the very instant that the commodity which I may allude to as "distilled damnation" is introduced, the attitude of the public changes.

IN vaudeville, no well-regulated "artist" can afford to overlook the inevitable effect of seasoned profanity. Sometimes it offers even a climax to a sketch. On one occasion I saw a little affair that was dull as ditch water. It had no novelty to educe, and the poor author was at his wits' end to devise a *raison d'être.* The end of the sketch caught the public

The lovely heroine was struggling to free her legitimate father from the arresting clutches of her lover. She succeeded in doing this, but we were not at all thrilled. However, just as the curtain was about to fall, she let the old gentleman loose, and in dramatic and emotional tones exclaimed: "Now run! Run! Run like hell!" Salvos of applause greeted this. As I said before, it seemed so home-like. Even the serious playwrights realize the advantage of an occasional lapse into the jargon of the gutters. They ply their characters with "cuss words" that years ago, would not have been tolerated in any decently organized gathering. These never fail. It seems silly to inveigh against such a very easy and certain way to the affections of the public. As for the utterance of the name of the Deity, it is so usual, that it has ceased to attract even casual attention.

The hero says "My Gawd!" so frequently that it has become a stock phrase. The villain has no other exclamation to utter, while the "comic relief" unwilling to be outdone, gives a cheery sound to the blasphemy. To-day, nobody seems to care a hang! There was a time when every critic would have taken pains to point out the disorder once known as impiety. However, to understand impiety, one has to own some ideas on the subject of piety, and that is no longer an issue.

We laugh. We "let it go." After all, it is harmless. If by means of profanity, an audience can be "kept good," then, it is reasoned, it would be ridiculous to be oversqueamish.

A good many years ago—to be precise, eighteen years ago—an effort was made by a gentleman made Guggenheimer, to frame an anti-swearing ordinance. This ordinance was offered to the Board of Aldermen. We all had a good deal of fun with it in our artless way. It afforded much food for discussion, and became a "topic." Some people felt that the stage would suffer terribly from this ordinance, because it depends so largely upon the easily understood "humor" of mild profanity, that if one attempted to stop it, half the comic opera comedians, most of the vaudevillers, and dozens of "handsome" leading men would be put out of commission.

Mr. Guggenheimer asserted that a good deal of the profanity used upon the stage was sheer and unadulterated profanity. "It is quite possible," he said, "to use the word 'd——n' in a way that is not profane. The word itself is not necessarily blasphemous. It all depends upon the way in which it is uttered. If one man 'd——n' another, it is undoubtedly a most profane thing, but it is quite possible to avoid the imputation of blasphemy." Mr. Guggenheimer at that time, explained to me exactly what had prompted his sensational action. "My object was the protection of women and children," he said. "Their danger was brought home to me one day when I was out driving with my wife and children. We became entangled with a truck. The volley of profanity that the truck driver sent forth, simply paralyzed us. It was outrageous, and it occurred to me that an ordinance making blasphemy of any kind punishable by fine, would be a benevolent institution. Since then, I have received hundreds of letters from women and children, thanking me for my work. And strange to say, many of the letters came from the wives of the truck drivers themselves."

Of course that was long ago. It amused us all so much that in vaudeville, the comedians used to say, "Go to Guggenheimer!" as a sort of compromise profanity, and our sense of humor was tickled.

You see, we looked at extreme cases only, reduced it all *ad absurdum,* and smiled it into the limbo of the ludicrous.

THE late Augustin Daly, in his dislike of profanity, went so far as to eliminate "cuss words" from—Shakespeare! In no possible manner could he have injured the "cause" so profoundly. There was a cry of horror at his vandalism. It was in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that the elimination occurred. In the scene between Lysander and Hermia, the lady listens attentively to his throbbing speech and exclaims: "Oh, hell! to choose love by another's eye." Daly cut that out, and left Lysander to utter his remarks without interruption from the lady. Shaw rose to the occasion (he has always loved occasions!) and wrote: "At such moments, the episode of the ass's head rises to the dignity of allegory." London kicked hard, and waxed saucy, and Mr. Daly was led to believe that he had his "nerve" with him when he attempted to tamper with the classics!

It is possible to drive most arguments into the thickets of absurdity. In the matter of profanity, sanity is necessary. The mere utterance of the words "hell" and "damn" can be perfectly dignified, and also "fraught with significance" as Laura would say. But when the words acquire the intonation of the gutter, and are spoken with the gusto of the truck driver, and the street urchin, then I can't quite grasp their usefulness as a source of humor.

Several times in watching farce, I have tried to count the times that laughs have been evoked by profanity. Invariably, I have given it up in despair, for the task grew too arduous. Logically, there was not the faintest excuse for mirth, for profanity *per se,* is not at all amusing, but undefiled English seems to pall upon the average New York audience, and the "every day" touch of the streets has become a sort of necessity.

There is scarcely a musical show, or a vaudeville entertainment that does not cater to the disease of *mania blasphematoria* at some time or other. No matter how refined the subject or how polite its appeal, the colloquialisms of the slums must be introduced to quicken the audience into a sense of appreciation. It is as though the playwright were afraid of his set of characters until he has charged them with expletives. The modern audience apparently looks upon men and women as foreign until they have given signs of familiarity with our fascinating vulgarities.

Types are actually "high-brow"—than which there is nothing more criminal—until they have manifested their willingness to sink to our level. Then the audience wakes up; the people feel at home; a sense of intimacy is established, and the fate of many a play has hinged upon—just that.

OF late, the disease has assumed such proportions that it is no longer possible to overlook it. It is very seldom that one sees a play that does not suffer from the bacillus discovered by Virga. Abroad, of course, this condition does not prevail. "Cuss" words are used, but they are not inevitably looked upon as witty and humorous. They are serious, and emphatic, as they should be, and perhaps they are even necessary. In New York, however, they have long ceased to suggest anything but ribald laughter. Hades is the most "fantastic" resort ever imagined, and if in a really serious episode the hero uttered the word "damn," he would be greeted with profuse laughter.

I suppose that the real reason why profanity is

so popular is that it was once upon a time considered very naughty, and—well, we are a very juvenile community still immeasurably addicted to the forbidden fruit. The hayseed will compromise with his conscience, and say "Gol darn it!" In rural communities where they are anxious to be on the safe side, they will exclaim "Great Scott!" and your Aunt Samantha feels perfectly entitled to an occasional "Gosh!" In the metropolis—the gay, the glittering metropolis—in the unconventional and untrammeled wilds of Lobster Square, we love to throw off our "By Goshes!" and our "Gol darn its!" and all the diluted make-believes and utter the "real" words proudly, unfearingly and unashamedly.

There you have it in a nutshell. Our love of profanity is merely due to the spirit of deviltry—and you must admit that it is a curiously provincial manifestation of that spirit. Once let profanity become general in—er—Philadelphia and other rural districts, and we shall drop it like a hot potato. At present we look upon it as spicy, rakish, and metropolitan. The little lad in the street seldom opens his mouth without using the name of the Nazarene. He thinks this is "grown-up" and daring. When we laugh at profanity on the stage, we have exactly the same outlook as the little street boy. We are "grown-up" and daring. Every playwright knows this. Every comedian realizes our weakness. In reality it is hideous and lamentably stupid.

At times, the pathos of the thing oppresses me. It is awfully sad to watch an audience of adults—tired business men, and their much-more-tired wives—passing by witty lines, epigrams, and cute phrases, to guffaw at the jargon of the gutter, and the colloquialism of the slum.

The few who are proud of the English language, who realize its possibilities, who have tried to fathom its magnificent vocabulary, and who have studied its poetry, must be ineffably disgusted at its abuse on the modern stage. Words that were once whispered in smoking rooms, and uttered loudly merely in bar-rooms, are to-day used unfalteringly in any kind of play. Even the fastidious have at last ceased to deplore this.

IT appears that a manager is entitled to consider his theatre in the same light as his private house. For that reason, he may "bar" anybody he likes, just as he has a perfect right to exclude any person objectionable to him from the sanctity of his home. That being the case, you may feel inclined to wonder why he does not balk at the profanity that you cannot imagine he would tolerate in his home. If the theatre be his home, then let him eliminate from it the nauseating chatter of the streets. Every rule works two ways.

Sometimes I think that plays must be actually written around profanity. The playwright imagines a hero or a heroine in such a position that the utterance of a blasphemy will be sensationally funny. Of course, it is easy to do this, or *was* easy. To-day it is becoming difficult to devise any situation in which exclamatory profanity will administer the necessary surprise. There is really no incentive to wit and humor in musical comedy or vaudeville. At the last moment, the comedians, given *carte blanche*, will arrange some variation of *mania blasphematoria* and nothing more is needed. You will hear the chest-wrenched guffaw, the contagious horse-laugh, and the whinny of easy approval, and no claque can emulate these.

The curious thing about it is that the vocabulary of profanity is really very limited. There are only a few words that should be placed in the *index expurgatorius*. Now, if they were pretty words we should grow fearfully tired of them. You know how quickly we weary of certain phrases, and how they finally become butts for humor.

We really change our vocabularies with our fashions. But it is not so in the matter of profanity. Of the few words that blasphemy cherishes, we never tire. We hear them in our daily round—in subway, street car, hotel lobby, and in any crowd, and one would think that we might sicken of them. One would imagine that we should go to the theatre just for relief from the ugly utterances.

But it is at the theatre that they flourish most pertinaciously and it is there that they are happily housed, and eminently cosy. They may conceivably have offended us as we encountered them in our daily walks, but in the playhouse, we accept them as something delightfully humorous, and mirror-like. We may laugh at nothing else, but at those words, we collapse in jovial glee. It *is* strange isn't it?

There was a time when it was not "quite the thing" for women to frequent music halls, while it was dreadful for the *jeune fille* to be seen there. The profane jokes inseparable from those resorts were supposed to be outside of a woman's ken, and if she *did* go to a music hall, she never boasted of it. But to-day! All the matinée girls (if such persons exist apart from the signatures to "press agent" stuff in the daily papers!) adore the halls, and revel in the humor of the comedians—humor which is usually hyper-profane.

Women do not object to the prevalence of the disease known as *mania blasphematoria*. They help it along by their patronage, and so—it has spread like a veritable eczema. It is the "barber's itch" of laughter.

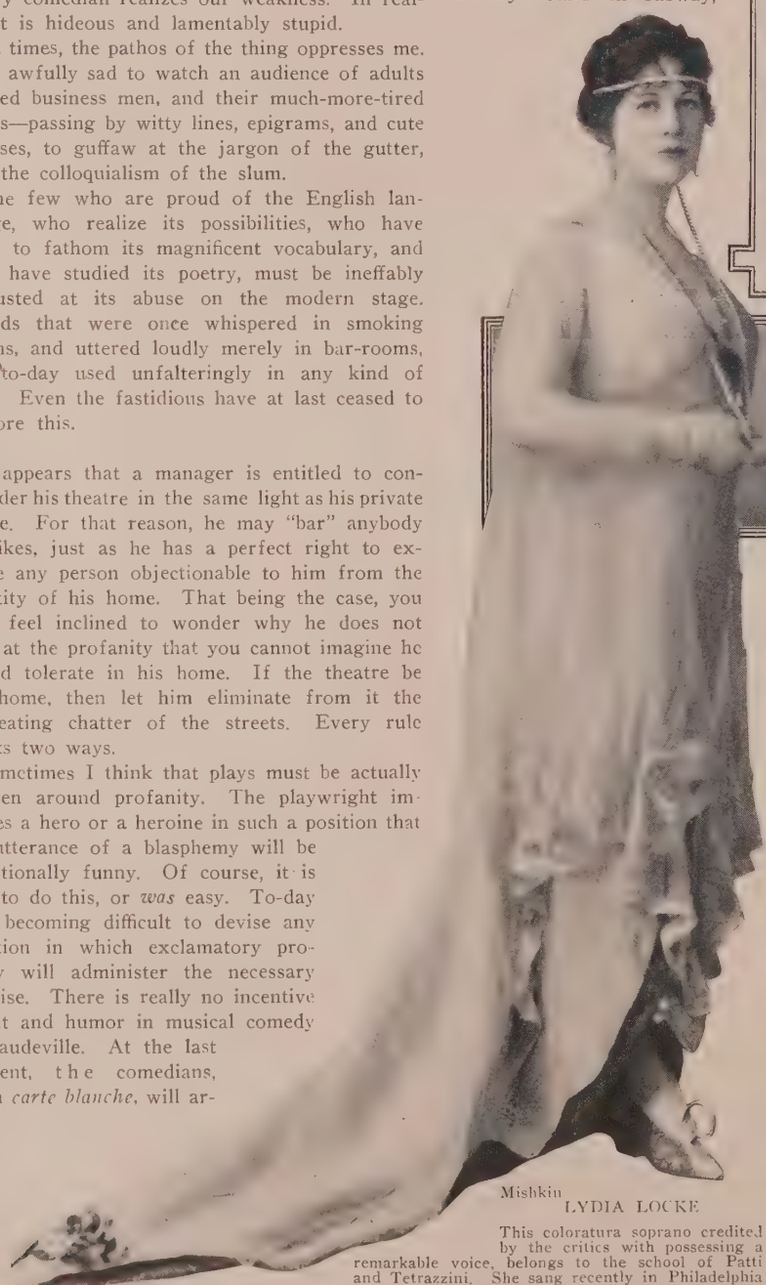
Just as in the bar-room, the chap who makes frequent allusions to the name of the Deity, is looked upon as a "good fellow"—a "decent sort" with no frills about his constitution—so on the stage, the comedian who adopts similar tactics, is regarded as "intimate" and lovable.

Men who make an awful fuss about the women who smoke—as though a cigarette were the very acme of evil—can find no wrong in permitting their wives and daughters to listen to the disgusting inanity of the profanity-chewer. The comedian exclaims "My Gawd!" with a really superb disregard for the conventions.

Youths who have been "swearing" all day, because they have

ANDREE BARLETTE

A French actress and singer who was successful at the Gaieté-Lyrique, Paris, before the war. She has become a favorite in this city, having entertained at the homes of leading society women.



Mishkin

LYDIA LOCKE

This coloratura soprano credited by the critics with possessing a remarkable voice, belongs to the school of Patti and Tetrazzini. She sang recently in Philadelphia for the St. Rita benefit with great success and will be heard on the concert stage this spring. She took the part of Titania, and also was Juliet to Orville Harrold's Romeo at the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration at the Biltmore on April 24th.

© Moffett NORMAN TREVOR

An Englishman of brief experience in America. He played Sir Robert Temple, the Prime Minister in Hall Caine's play "Margaret Schiller," with fine restraint. He is now in "The Co-Respondent"

Dupont CHARLES CHERRY

His good looks and his ease and repose have made of this actor a veritable matinée idol Mr. Cherry is maintaining well his burden of some of the strongest scenes in the all-star revival of "The Great Pursuit"

© Moffett JOHN MILTERN

Who plays the Indian Agent in "The Heart of Wetona," is an actor of sure touch and the authority of long and varied experience. There is an underlying pathos in his work and personality that has an especially strong appeal.

© Moffett T. ROY BARNES

An English actor with a most un-English sense of humor. The women in his audiences like him because he is handsome, the men because he is genuinely funny. He is one of the pillars of "Katinka"

© Moffett ERNEST TRUEX

In "Very Good Eddie" this popular young actor has duplicated his success in "The Dummy" and in "A Good Little Devil." His work is distinguished by sincerity and by a keen and subtle humor.

© Moffett SHELLEY HULL

One of our most forceful young leading men. When he created the rôle of "The Cinderella Man" he simply deepened the impression made upon playgoers by his vigorous methods as leading man in "The Promised Land"

POPULAR LEADING MEN WHO HAVE SCORED SUCCESSES THIS SEASON

been taught to believe that it is the "real manly" thing to do, go to the vaudeville houses at night, to hear the comedians and the buffoons do the same thing, and they discover that apparently there is no other sure road to the risible affections of the audience.

Since the Guggenheimer day, nobody has arisen to combat the evil. Grave gentlemen write of all sorts of abuses to the "papers," and sweet women writers (adherents of the "sob squad") discuss the latest thing in grievances, but never this!

Probably in desperation, some day a "blue law" will be discovered to cope with the situation. I imagine that there must be some "blue law" for everything, if one could only afford the time necessary to unearth it. It is no longer possible to hope for the assistance of what we call "good taste." Profanity is now firmly enthroned in our midst, and it has been so useful to playwrights and managers that its abdication is not to be anticipated. It is essentially a New York institution, and the stage which follows, but never leads, gives New York what it apparently demands—unexpurgated profanity. It is the contamination of the English language.

We are free from it nowadays—in the movies only! The splendid silence of the screens may at least be commended. The stories told on the screens—the cheap, clap-trap histories of crime, vice, and poverty, are the very themes that on the spoken stage, would be eked out by large doses of profanity. But the film heroes are of necessity silent; the film comedians are perforce dumb, and the feet of a Charlie Chaplin are relied upon to do the work that the profane lips of a stage comedian would accomplish much more readily. On the stage—at least that stage which he would adorn—Mr. Chaplin would merely have to master the utterance of a few gutter words, to hold his own with all the others—or with most of them. However, Chaplin is living proof that it is eminently possible and even more eminently profitable to appeal to the laughter of the masses without blasphemy and profanity.

Many of the "artists" who prevail in musical comedy and vaudeville might learn from little Chaplin. They all say that his "humor" is not of a particularly elevated brand, but at least it is more elevated than theirs! It does not rely upon the "vernacular" for success. It is the result of hard work, and a genuine effort to provide amusement that is harmless. There is no trading upon the traditional and ingrained dislike for vulgar utterances, and decayed English. I am no lover of the "pictures," but I confess that the silence of the humorous films is rather restful, and the relief from the thraldom of profanity is at times grateful.

The "favorites" of the screens "get there" with out any aid from the jargon of the gutter. The average comedian must surely regard that fact as remarkable, for *he* cannot "get there" without that help. New York will wake up some day, and instead of bothering about its "drinking cups" at the theatre, will interest itself in the infection that spreads from the language tolerated on the stage. That is really of very much more importance to the community. This awakening is bound to occur sooner or later—probably later.

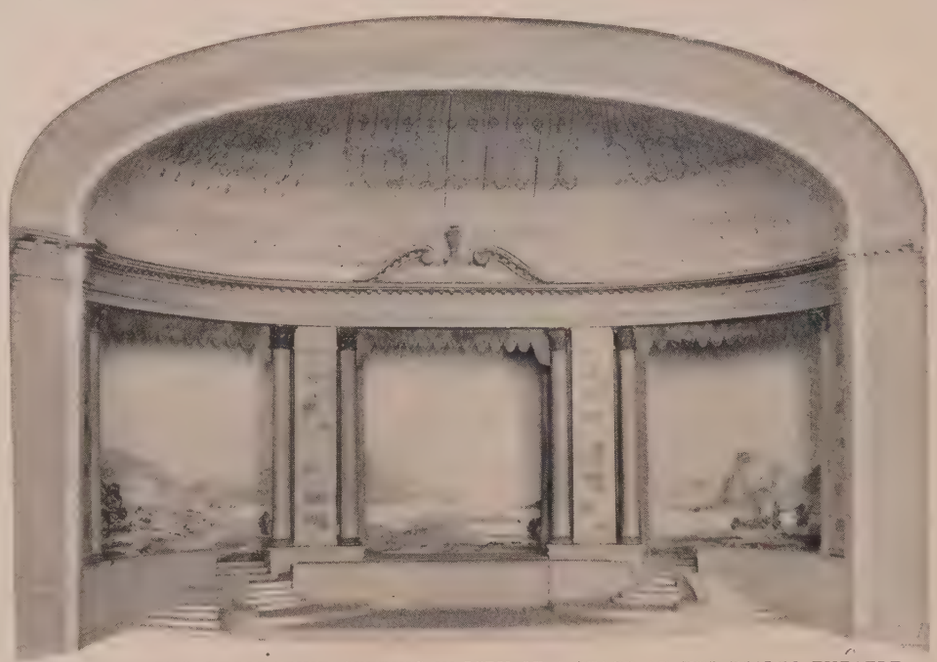
Some daring playwright, of iconoclastic ideas will write a play in which not one "cuss word" happens, and the innovation will make such a hit that a tremendous *pecuniary* success will be scored. And then others will follow suit, and the redemption of our language become possible.

The Rialto—A Theatre Without a Stage

AN event of moment in the amusement life of New York was the opening, on April 22nd, of the Rialto Theatre at Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, the former site of Hammerstein's Victoria. A unique feature of this new cinema temple is that it has no stage. If the policy agreed upon is adhered to, as doubtless it will be, the popularity and the possibilities of motion pictures will be tested along lines that have been suggested, though never fully realized at the Strand, the one house at all comparable to the newest home of photographic art and music.

The Rialto is a moderately large building, seating 2,000, quite enough to make the venture profitable if the chairs are occupied twelve hours out of every twenty-four; but exceptional capacity was not sought by the men who designed the theatre, whereas conspicuous decorations were studiously avoided. The aim of the management was not to advertise the greatest and most sumptuously appointed photoplay house in America. Sumptuous appointments are there, to be sure, but always unobtrusive.

Following ideas that may appear hopelessly impracticable to the unimaginative exhibitor, Managing Director S. L. Rothapfel has realized his ideal of a building in which everything is subordinated to the display on the screen. Where the stage would ordinarily be located there is a permanent decoration in the form of a colonnade with marble stairs that affords an effective location for soloists. Then the color scheme of the theatre is neutral. In the dome, old ivory is the prevailing tint, the decorations graduating into solid colors at the seating level, with reds predominant in the carpets, hangings and upholstery. Through this ingenious decorative treatment, in conjunction with a marvelously intricate system of electric lighting, it is possible to vary the color tone in the auditorium that it may harmonize with the picture being shown, an unprecedented and, at least, creditable effort to place an audience in a receptive mood.



PERMANENT DECORATIVE SETTING IN LIEU OF A STAGE AT THE RIALTO THEATRE, TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK

The Rialto most certainly is the first theatre to offer an atmosphere so conducive to an appreciation of photoplays, and in another, probably more vital requisite, it is superbly equipped. Even as manager of the Regent, before he had achieved undisputed supremacy among exhibitors, Mr. Rothapfel perceived the natural connection between music and pictures, an alliance recently recognized by no less an authority than Hugo Munsterberg. A pretentious photoplay house without good music would be unthinkable in these days, so far have we advanced beyond the monotonous piano of unpleasant memory.

Concealed behind the colonnade in the Rialto is the mechanism of a $60,000 organ, said to be the greatest ever installed in a theatre. Dr. Alfred G. Robyn and Edwin Johnson are the organists who give daily recitals, alternating with the largest orchestra in New York, outside of the Metropolitan Opera House, under the direction of Hugo Riesenfeld. And supplementing the music furnished by organ and orchestra are concert soloists of the first rank. With such emphasis placed on this feature of the entertainment, it is not unreasonable to expect a clientèle in part composed of music lovers, even if they do not chance to be devotees of screen entertainment.

In devising exceptionally inviting surroundings and in offering superior music, the management of the Rialto has excelled; but it is the policy in selecting film subjects that marks a new, interesting and hopeful line in the progress of motion pictures. Much has been written about the educational possibilities of the screen, yet few exhibitors have risked the danger of becoming instructive at the expense of entertainment. The so-called feature photoplay is only a part of the program that offers much of significance to attentive audiences, largely because of the intelligent presentation of news happenings, scientific subjects and other films calculated to stir thought. There is the "Rialto World-Wide News Service," designed to present a daily newspaper in film form, and also the "Rialto Pictorial Digest," which fills the same mission in the educational field, with editorials, travelogues, nature studies and cartoons.

Felix Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and Crawford Livingston are largely interested in the Rialto Theatre Corporation. Mr. Rothapfel is vice-president and secretary, as well as managing director.

Charles Stewart has been engaged to manage the house and Ben H. Atwell, director of publicity, is also editing the Rialto magazine.

LYNDE DENIG.

White Elinor M. Cox Florence Enright
in "The Age of Reason" at the Bandbox Theatre

What I Think Is a Good Play

BY

GEORGE C. TYLER

PLAYS attain production because they looked good to somebody. Having attained it, they have a way of succeeding beyond the dreams of interested parties, or of failing so mysteriously that it is as the darkness when the electric supply is cut off from the theatre.

Either outcome finds the person, to whom the play looked good, in a state of bewilderment. Either outcome finds the producer industriously trying to connote this undreamed success, or this mysterious failure; trying to catch its secret essential microbe and put it on a glass slide for future guidance, one way or another.

The chances are strong that if the play be making money for the producer, he will forget preliminary misgivings, and grow cocksure it is a good play. If, on the other hand, it be eating up good money, he will decide that it must be a very bad play somewhere.

To this method of judgment I am not addicted. An amazing number of the plays that have enlisted my entire enthusiasm have failed. I remain a most intractable, unteachable pupil at the knees of old Mother Box-Office.

When plays I have considered good have failed, financially (which is only one kind of failure), I have gone on considering them good. If old Mother Box-Office is the only oracle of the public's verdict—and I am not sure even of that!—then I say, the public's verdict cannot budge me. Mother Box-Office may spank her producing sons, or she may caress them. But there are instances where I wouldn't give a fig for her judgment of a play's importance, or its inspiration.

Nor am I compelled to make my point with the assistance of Shakespeare, or Ibsen, or Mr. Bernard Shaw. All three have borne many a burden of bankruptcy. But there are examples less hackneyed; examples more personal and immediate.

Take our recent war play, "Moloch." As I write this, we are in the act of removing that great epic-lesson to the storehouse. It was one of the plays we felt we must produce; one of the plays we knew we couldn't help producing. Its bigness was so much greater than its possible success or failure. There were times when our misgivings made its preparation a pensive task. But we saw just a chance for it, through the timeliness of its lesson, and the broad nobility irradiating its gloom.

Beyond a doubt there is always some one spot in the public's caprice where true nobility of dramatic utterance can form a connection. The trouble is to locate that spot. Keeping alive things that are rare and fine is often a delicate business. "Moloch" died because, somehow, we couldn't determine or regulate the exact public temperature in which it might have lived—lived and waxed big with results. Too, too often, alas, it happens thus.

Another of our plays that failed some time since, and that I still consider good, was "The New Sin," by MacDonald Hastings. Not only was there here a strong story. It was also deftly woven; compact and coherent. In this instance, however, the reason for failure was no unsolved problem. There was no mystery about it. "The New Sin" was a drama written entirely without women. It had only men characters. It failed by the exact inversion of the law whereby Flo Ziegfeld's symposiums of beauty succeed.

That was one probable reason for the failure of "The New Sin." There was another reason, more characteristic because less exceptional. A rumor had become widespread that this play was intelligent. I will not go so far as to say that the public is afraid of intelligence. But I will say, that the public is deadly afraid of a reputation for intelligence. When the public hears the bark of intelligence it shies at the bite.

Thus I find myself trying to define a good play by citing plays that have failed; by citing negations. Perhaps, after all, it is not an illogical method. No man can reduce the qualities which make a good play to a formula, or a definition. It is with that as with all other kinds of writing. The really good play requires genius in its creator. And be it simple or profound, obvious or subtle, humorous or tragic, its excellence will rest on something quite elusive in that genius—something that has naught to do with the poor, crude, "rules" of the game.

There is no set formula for the really good play because all genuine excellence in playwriting, or any other writing, consists of qualities that go beyond formula. These qualities are never twice the same. They establish a new direction every time anybody writes a play, or anything else, that is really good.

I cannot, therefore, give any receipt for a good play. If I did, the few men capable of writing one would have every reason to turn in their graves at my impudence. But I can give a formula for a successful play. Here it is: "My God she's lost, Thank God she's saved, and The Villain still pursued her." Plays which follow a scenario like that, succeed. I neither joke nor exaggerate.

Therefore has there been developed within me a self-preserving instinct. This self-preserving instinct often tries hard to conquer, or subdue, my royalty for what strikes me as a good, perhaps even a great, unproduced play.

Let me illustrate: Only the other day a friend approached me. "The distinguished authoress, Mrs Blank," said he, "tells me she has just completed a big play dealing with a big subject, on which she has been working for years. Mrs. Blank says you are the only manager to whom she proposes showing the manuscript. She regards all the other managers as a waste of time."

Roland Young Walter Frankl
in "Pierre Patelin" at the Bandbox

Dark terrors, gathered like clouds over my soul on the spot. Those clouds still hover. I haven't yet seen Mrs. Blank's play. But I know her real intelligence; her gift for doing intelligent things that are not "commercial"—to use a misused term. I would like to escape from her newest great drama. But it's in destiny. I feel it. Sooner or later I shall read her work. Sooner or later if this play be all Mrs. Blank claims for it, the call to produce it will prove irresistible. Compared with the call to produce, the call of the wild is as the chirp of the bullfinch! I shall set forth, perfervid as a crusader, with a prayer on my lips, that I be spared from further losses; and a joy in my soul that here is another task after my own heart.

Meanwhile I am walking around the block whenever I see Mrs. Blank approaching in the distance. I want to put it off as long as I can.

Fortunately, plays do come along occasionally that impress one as good plays and as fairly safe investments. Odd as it may sound (particularly to the untried playwright) a play may have humanity, insight, understanding, interest and technique and still interest the public and make money for its producer and its author. Such a play was Eugene Walter's "Easiest Way." This theme was "big" and the playwright was equal to the task of doing it justice.

"Big" is another considerably misused term. What makes a playwright's theme big? The question is a knockout, bigger than any one play likely to come under discussion. No two stories ever dramatized, ever revealed the same kind of bigness; no, not even any two dramatized by William Shakespeare. "The Easiest Way" derived its individual bigness through its vital understanding of temptation as applied to a merely average equipment in character. It was therefore universal though it revealed a side of life by no means universally familiar. Its heroine was neither better nor worse than thousands of women; and so she was typical, even though she belonged to a class that is specialized. In her averageness lay the significance of her fate. A smaller treatment would have gilded her with exaltation, or degeneracy, or, maybe both. A smaller play would have been smaller, precisely because it would have treated her like a freak, with the mistaken idea of being picturesque.

The temperamental (Continued on page 306)

In the Spotlight

Players Who Have Made Individual Hits In Recent New York Productions

Sarony

JEANNE EAGELS

JEANNE EAGELS was welcomed, before she had been on the stage sixty seconds in "The Great Pursuit," as a specimen of the needed type, the ingenue, at its best. She is twenty-two and looks seventeen. She is very good looking and possesses abundant vitality, both qualities being dominated by keen intelligence and that fine sense of balance which is called taste. Miss Eagels is an output of Kansas City. She was born of a Spanish father and an Irish mother. She became, at fourteen years of age, a member of the Auditorium Stock Company of Kansas City. New York first saw her with Billie Burke in "The Mind-the-Paint Girl." Later she was chief support of Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl." At the beginning of this season she consented to take The Road in the chief rôle of "Outcast," the play in which Elsie Ferguson had held the boards for a year in New York. For a single week she appeared in a play at the Standard. Result, many metropolitan offers. She accepted "The Great Pursuit."

Moffett

LENORE ULRICH

NOBODY knew her, but everybody wanted to, when Lenore Ulrich had played the leading feminine rôle in "The Heart of Wetona." She was born at New Ulm, Minnesota, of German extraction. Wisconsin was the scene of her development. She resided for several years in Milwaukee. Her pronounced brunette type, seeming to indicate Latin rather than the Teutonic origin, has enabled her to play Spanish and gypsy girls, a maid of Hawaii and in the present play a half-breed with almost no make-up. She received the first three years' training in stock. The first opportunity was presented by a Milwaukee stock company where she began in the proverbial maid part. She evolved into a utility woman in a Chicago stock company. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, she developed into an ingénue. She quickly rose to leads, and in that capacity finished her stock career. She achieved distinction shortly afterward as Laurette Taylor's successor in the name rôle of "The Bird of Paradise."

White

EVA LE GALLIENNE

SHE is the daughter of Richard Le Gallienne," said Those Who Knew to Those Who Were Not Quite Sure when Mary Powers walked upon the scene in "The Melody of Youth." But Eva Le Gallienne needed no such introduction. The strongly individual young woman was quite capable of standing on her own. In depicting Mary Powers, she displayed dramatic intelligence, tact, and the power of personality. Miss Le Gallienne was born seventeen years ago in London, her mother being Julie Norregaard Le Gallienne, a Danish woman, her father, Richard Le Gallienne, English by birth but French by descent. She was educated in Paris and made her stage début as Constance Collier's page in "Monna Vanna." Her American début was made in a small part in "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters." She also appeared in the short run of "Bunny" in this city.

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OLIVE TELL

WHEN Olive Tell was offered the rôle of Lady Margaret Silchester, the beset heroine of "A King of Nowhere," she hesitated because she feared she was not suited to a romantic character. Now Mr. Lou Tellegen and Miss Jessie Bonstelle, the star and manager of the play, are saying to her, "I told you so." For there is no slightest doubt that Miss Tell won success in the exacting impersonation. The costume emphasized her unusual beauty. Her natural grace was thrown into relief by the necessary postures of the love-lorn, always near-to-tragedy lady of the court of Katharine Parr, one of the latest and most wretched of the spouses of Henry VIII. Miss Tell had the usual preliminary course in stock companies to supplement her tuition in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. It was while she was playing in a stock company in New England that a discriminating summer visitor to the town recommended the girl to a Broadway manager, with the result that she was engaged for minor parts in the metropolitan production of "The Marriage Game." She played a long engagement in Chicago in "Our Children." As leading woman for Robert Edeson she was seen in the production of "Husband and Wife" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. She supported Julian Eltinge in "Cousin Lucy." Personally Miss Tell is a typical American girl of vigorous personality. She builds the structure of her health upon the corner-stone of out-of-door sports, especially riding and golf. She is an adept in the use of crayons and oils and would have been a painter had she not preferred the stage as a medium of expression. A secret of Olive Tell's success may be that in her veins is the bounding blood that has its source in Erin's Isle, the land that gave us Ada Rehan, Clara Morris, James O'Neill and Brandon Tynan. Every Irishman has the dramatic instinct intensified.

White

CHARLES WINNINGER

THE fidelity of Charles Winninger's imitation of Leo Ditrichstein as "The Great Lover" in "The Cohan Review 1916," is a topic on the tongue of every playgoer in the metropolis. Mr. Winninger has adopted all of the Austrian actors' mannerisms. His first stage appearance was as a boy soprano at the age of six. He was one of a concert company composed of members of his own family. Before he left the rest of the family to negotiate a future in the metropolis, he was a trapeze performer in the Winninger Circus, and an actor in Winninger Repertoire Company that toured the smaller cities in the Middle West. His first New York Appearance was in the cast of "The Yankee Girl." Later he espoused the star of a company, Blanche Ring. The metropolis saw him again with Miss Ring in "When Claudia Smiles."

Moffett

ANNIE HUGHES

MISTRESS QUICKLY was played so boydenishly, and with such fine essence of the busybody, in the production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" that audiences welcomed her at each reappearance in successive scenes. Laughter greeted her coming and sped her going. Talent and the mellow art that is the fruit of experience only, combine in Annie Hughes impersonation of the trouble maker and trouble mender of Shakespeare's merry play. She is of London. If you were walking down the Strand with Annie Hughes you would be more than apt to be accosted by some wide-mouthed, laughing eyed gamin, who, staring in recognition at her, would exclaim: "Hello 'Saucers.'" And Miss Hughes would smile in entire understanding. For that is London's loving nickname for her, a tribute to her playing of the rôle of that name in "A Bit of Old Chelsea." The big Zeppelin-harassed city knows her best and loves her most as "Sweet Nancy." Her portraiture of that character, an authority has said, "is among the most cherished memories of London play-goers." But those there be whose memories travel cheerfully and accurately back to another illumination. Annie Hughes furnished the London stage. It was when she was Little Lord Fauntleroy. Enjoyment is afforded also by recollection of her as The Country Mouse, the character which Ethel Barrymore introduced to us in this country. The chief feminine rôles of "School," "Mamma," "The Weaker Sex," "The Middleman," "An Aristocratic Alliance," "The Candidate" and "Sowing the Wind" are among the portrayals she gave the English metropolis. She played under the management successively of Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Henry Irving and Sir Herbert Tree. Those who saw Mrs. Fiske in "A Bit of Old Chelsea" saw Annie Hughes in the same character in London. Miss Hughes came to this country in "Mr. Hopkinson."

Interviewing a Princess-Playwright

By HELEN TEN BROECK

I HAVE just been interviewed by the Princess Troubetskoy, whose play, "The Fear Market," is creating a stir in dramatic circles, akin to that made by "The Quick or the Dead?" When that novel, written when the Princess was Amelie Rives and a girl in her teens, probed deep into the psychology of sentiment, and was the literary sensation of its day.

Almost five-and-twenty years have passed since then, and the creative energy of the Virginia author has invaded many fields, gathering power and polish in its progress and flinging all the harvest of experience and a vivid and vitalized power of expression, into her first modern play, which is possibly the most discussed drama of the hour.

The play, which the critics refused to endorse, has made, nevertheless, an undeniable hit with the public. It is one of those instances when the public sets its seal of approval on a piece the critics had no taste for.

Photos © Underwood & Underwood

AMELIE RIVES (Princess Troubetskoy)
author of "The Fear Market"

The late March sunshine was interfering a little with the North light in the studio of Prince Troubetskoy, when I found that fine artist putting the finishing touches upon the portrait of a beautiful blonde woman. Beautiful women, and especially beautiful blondes flock to the *atelier* of this painter, sure of a peculiarly gracious transference of their features to the canvas. Essentially truthful are Prince Troubetskoy's brushes, and his paint tubes, but it is the loveliest truth that dwells within the heart of his sitter that he seeks and finds. All that is little and mean escapes his interpretive consciousness. He paints women as if he believed every daughter of Eve as big and splendid of mind as his own Princess. So I ask you to think of Amelie Rives as writing her plays—"The Fear Market" and its successors—in an atmosphere where a mean thought or a blurred and broken vision of life is quite an impossible and alien thing. Fully five minutes we chatted, the tall Prince and I—chatted about old Venetian chests, old Florentine boxes, brass bound and velvet covered, about the skating craze and the Shakespearean number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and then there was a soft swish of petticoats, and Princess Troubetskoy came fluttering down the steps from the mezzanine above the studio and drew me into the next room while the Prince—did he really look relieved or was it my guilty conscience?—turned to his painting just as his lovely model entered by the farther door.

"So you like my play?" smiled the Princess, after the usual preliminaries of whether I preferred milk or lemon, and whether it should be one of the funny little Russian cakes or a staunch and sturdy sandwich. I stirred my tea with as inquisitorial an air as could be commanded when the spoon was a lovely bit of old Russian silver that flashed like a dark jewel in the porcelain cup, and torn with an anguished doubt as to whether the unspeakable blackmailing editor, whom "The Fear Market" shows as a human Frankenstein, sapping the life of the public who created him, could have been father to a daughter as pure and lovely as the little heroine of the play.

"What do you think?" counter-questioned the Princess. "Look along the line of history; haven't the monsters who ruled decaying empires from early times had children of jewelled virtue?"

I recalled the few Borgias and Medicis I could think of in one startled flash and admitted that perhaps such parentage might be possible in the decadent days of the middle ages, "but that was yesterday," I objected, feebly. "'The Fear Market' is a play of to-day and to-morrow."

"But can't you put your finger, this minute, upon at least one son or daughter of a railroad wrecker, or a bank looter, a man who was so colossal a thief as to be called a great financier, who to-day is spending millions of his wretched money to alleviate the woe of the world?"

"And so you think the truth and beauty of the girl in 'The Fear Market' may, in the psychology of life, be the natural antidote to her father's crimes?" I demanded.

"Oh, would you go so far as to say that?" questioned this difficult Princess. "Shouldn't you say that her anguish when she finds that the father she loved, whom she had pinnacled upon heights of virtue and believed to embody all the finest human qualities—shouldn't you say rather that her anguish made a vicarious atonement for the wounds he had inflicted upon her friends?"

"At least, the father in the monster was punished in the loss of his child's love," I admitted.

"Exactly," cried the Princess. "She is his sword, his Nemesis, his only possible punishment; isn't she?"

I ignored this inquiry. Obviously, I was there to ask questions, not to answer them.

"Since social reform," I ventured, "is so popular an industry among the social elect, I suppose 'The Fear Market,' which holds a trenchant brief for the rights of the rich as well as the poor, is intended as a propagandum?"

"Should you say quite that?" murmured this baffling victim. "It was Norman Hapgood, who first told me the story upon which 'The Fear Market' is based. He gave me not theories as to how such things might be done, but legal proof in the records of our criminal courts as to how they HAD been done. With Mr. Hapgood, and William Travers Jerome I went over the whole matter, even quoting verbatim sworn statements made in a celebrated case, which if it weren't propagandum was drama—bald life, which is bald drama; isn't it?" The Princess pushed away her tea cup—a charming bit of Sevres—and lit a cigarette.

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FREDERIC AND FANNY HATTON

Co-authors with Leo Ditrichstein of "The Great Lover," and also responsible for "Years of Discretion," "The Call of Youth," "Up and Downstairs," etc. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Hatton have been prominent dramatic critics in Chicago.

Moffett

ADELAIDE AND HUGHES

These well-known dancers are now making a successful vaudeville tour

LITTLE BILLY

As Sabitini in "The Cohan Revue 1916"

White

White MISS JULIET

In her imitation of Emily Stevens in "The Cohan Revue 1916," at the Astor

HARRY MOREY AND EDNA MAY

In the Vitagraph photoplay "Salvation Joan." Miss May returned to the stage for one performance in behalf of the Actors' Fund at the Century, April 16

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

Trying to get into the atmosphere of life in Los Angeles, where he is posing for the movies

A GROUP OF INTERESTING STAGE PERSONALITIES

"One acquires such a respect for the nerve soothing herb when one becomes a Russian," she murmured.

"And so your characters are drawn from real life," I said.

"Oh, dear me, no!" objected the author. The situations are real, but the characters are creations born of the environment, and not drawn from the actual individuals who figured in the proceedings upon which the play is based. The subject of blackmail, of predatory assaults upon the private life of men and women of wealth, is too big to be tied down to individual personalities. The play is aimed at an existent evil; not at the individual who happens to profit by that crime. It would have been easy to suggest certain persons by make-up or personal tricks of carriage or of speech. But this was carefully avoided, and 'The Fear Market' is aimed at an institution, not at any special publication or publisher."

This was a long speech and it didn't end with a question mark, so I hastily asked if a successor to her first modern play had been thought of yet. The Princess knitted her brow and twisted the odd little necklace she wore.

"Thought of," she said, hesitatingly, "but scarcely formulated. Plays are like thought-babies. The little skeleton forms in the mind, and waits for the inspiration that clothes it with vibrant, pulsing flesh and blood, and breathes the breath of thrilling life into its sentient frame. It isn't a play until it's born into the open actual world of dramatic form."

Almost ten years ago, I sat with George Moore and the late Stephen Phillips, in Henry's in Paris, drinking in the words of these writers of classic English, while they sipped other refreshing fluids. "The big American woman is Amelie Rives," said the author of "Paola and Francesca," of "Herod" and of "Ulysses." One day she will write the real American play, perhaps. It is prefigured in her "Herod" and "Marianne," in her "Augustinus," and in the wild freedom of her talent as shown in her novels.

George Moore gravely assented. He had never happened to read any of Amelie Rives' classic drama-poems, but his Irish heart was easily won to applaud the genius of a girl so young and beautiful as the author of "The Quick or the Dead."

The Princess laughed with gay and youthful heartiness when I repeated the prophesy, voicing my own conviction that Mr. Phillips was quite right in his summing up of her dramatic possibilities. "Ah, the great American play!" she sighed. "That will take more than one playwright, I am afraid. America is so vast, so cosmic almost, that one play can never hope to reflect all its drama. But I should love to write a play big enough to awaken the national conscience, to the priceless glory of our young, splendid country—a baby giant stirring in his cradle, and stretching his glorious young length from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"Isn't a magnificent thing to be an American? An awakened American in an awakened America? And should you not love to write the play that would thrill the heart of our country like a battle shout, to rise to splendid heights of national greatness and a broad and world uplifting humanity!"

The pretty sitter in the next room had gone away. The Prince had laid down palette and brushes and vanished. There was no one to respond to my call for help, and with a fixed and deathless determination not to be questioned and interviewed pointedly about my relation to the great American play, I pushed back my tea cup and fled. But Princess Troubetskoy is a dear, and "The Fear Market" is but a trial of wings for her talent as a dramatist. She may not write the great American play, but she will certainly write one of them.

WHAT AM I OFFERED?

Reflections at the auction sale of costumes and properties of the Sothern and Marlowe productions.

By RANDOLPH BARTLETT

LOT 42, black jewel-handled sword. What'm I off'rd?"

Bid up, ladies and gentlemen! It is Hamlet's sword—the blade that has sent shudders through thousands as it performed the deed of vengeance for that "foul and most unnatural murder." Hamlet has lived again for hundreds of nights when he who owned this sword decreed, and all the world has marveled at the art which could so portray the tortures of a soul.

"Dolla, dolla'naff, dolla'naff, two dollas. This is a very fine sword, gentlemen."

A fine sword, truly, when worn by Hamlet. But what is it now? Only a number on an auctioneer's list, destined to be hung upon a wall and pointed to with pride—"That's the sword Sothern wore in Hamlet." No more! Who is there now to draw it worthily? "SOLD, for thirty dollas—gentleman in the third row."

"Lot 53, grey velvet silver trimmed prayer book. What'm I off'rd?"

A modest little trifle, this. Yet how many thousands of maiden eyes have brimmed when carried by Ophelia as she sadly said her orisons! To-day it is a dead thing. Why, it isn't even a prayer book, but just a decorated cover with blank pages. It is a worthless trinket. Ophelia is dead.

"Ten dollas, 'leven dollas.....Going at fifteen dollas. SOLD."

What collection of ragpicker's trash is this? Old, ragged breeches, torn cloaks, a tattered jerkin! Nothing much, now. Only the trappings of that poet knight, Richard Lovelace. Take them at your own figures. Fifty cents, a dollar, anything at all, for everything must be sold. Richard has no further use for them. His lyric adventures are ended.

But here is something to open your eyes—the regal robes of Mary Tudor. What a medley of color—lavender, pearl, silver, amethyst, turquoise, blue, pink and gold—gay garb for the gayest of girls. Tiaras and necklaces, embroidered pockets and chiffon veils, satins and velvets, silks and brocades—how they sing of the joyful, daring Mary! But Mary is wedded now, and for eight dollars the exquisite white cloak, in which she set pounding furiously the pulses of many a romantic damsel, becomes the property of some miss who will wear it proudly to a masquerade. "It used to belong to Julia Marlowe." "My deah, how intrusting!"

"Dolla, dolla'naff, two dollas," the monotone goes on, while all the romance and tragedy of the world's greatest masques passes in review. "Dolla, dolla'naff." With these daggers Macbeth was elevated to a slippery throne. With this sword he battled against Macduff and the fulfillment of the witches' prophecy. This armor could not protect him against the decrees of the gods. This is the crown to gain which his lady made him a murderer. "Dolla, dolla'naff, two dollas." In these daintily masculine garments Viola played with the love of Malvolio. In this red toga Antony met the fair Egyptian sorceress. Beneath these dandaical habiliments the heart of droll Dundreary beat. With these whips Petruchio tamed the shrew. "Dolla, dolla'naff, dolla'naff." Rassendyll and Richelieu, adventurer and cardinal, have been stripped of jacket and surplice. Here we have all the finery of the gay Benedick and there the dismal gabardines and scales of Shylock. Yonder the brilliant gowns and simple disguise of Portia. "Dolla, dolla'naff."

Ghosts, ghosts, ghosts! See them, huddling in the corners of the auction room, crouching behind dummies and hiding in the tapestries. And there is one, swaggering through the curious throng, with a cynical sneer. Naught cares he what becomes of his clothing, alternately rags and purple? In life Francois Villon never knew nor recked in what garb he would next be arrayed, so what matter now that he is dead? "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" "Dolla, dolla-naff." But not all wear this armor of recklessness. Juliet shrinks into a corner as sacrilegious eyes peer into her bed and examine her *prie dieu* and crucifix. "Dolla, dolla'naff." Rosalind lifts her head proudly and turns away. Beatrice looks contemptuously about with level eyes. Lady Macbeth frowns haughtily and stalks away. "Dolla, dolla'naff, two dollas."

The droning voice of the auctioneer rolls on, hour after hour. Players and collectors, costumers and dilettantes, bargain hunters and souvenir seekers, and mere curious loungers, sit and listen to the bidding, and prowl about the rooms. Is this, for them, a funeral or a holiday? Do they rub shoulders with kings, queens, adventurers, poets, lovers, princes, all that grave and gay company that will be seen no more? Do those sonorous Elizabethan lines echo in their minds? Do they see the ghosts of the passing heroes?

"This stuff ain't worth much to anybody, I don't think."

And the auctioneer's voice drones on:

"Dolla, dolla'naff, two dollas."

White

Queen Katharine
(Edith Wynne Matthison)

Cardinal Wolsey
(Sir Herbert Tree)

Act III, Scene 1. Wolsey: "If your grace could but be brought to know our ends are honest—"

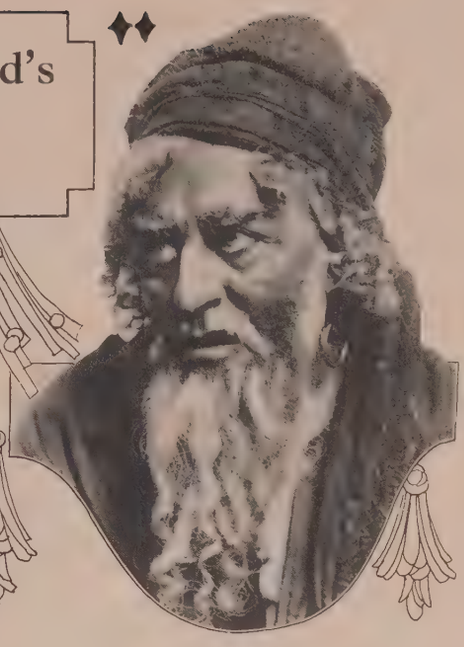
SCENE IN "KING HENRY VIII," AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

Sir Herbert Tree, England's Actor Knight

By EDWARD FALES COWARD

AS FALSTAFF

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE



AS SHYLOCK

ENGLISH playgoers are noted for their faithful devotion to old favorites. American audiences are equally renowned for their generous reception of visiting stars. Nor shall the latter be charged with fickleness. They, too, remember those who have pleased them in the past, even if years do lapse between the appearances.

The return of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is a case in point. It is quite eighteen years since the English actor last trod a New York stage, yet the warmth of the reception which greeted him when he finally made his reappearance as Cardinal Wolsey in his sumptuous revival of "Henry VIII" at the New Amsterdam, proved that New Yorkers will ever be found responsive to intelligent effort and personal accomplishment.

There is a reason for these long intervals which lapse between the engagements of these foreign stars. It is that there are not enough plays to go around. One lengthy engagement uses up a répertoire it has taken years to acquire. Novelty is the incessant cry. The number of playwrights, successful ones, is not adequate to the growing demand. In London, as in this city, the number of first-class theatres has doubled if not tripled in little more than a decade. The result is that the managers of either city, able to pay the price, can draw upon the other for its best. The result is that for an individual star the value of his medium of exploitation is cut in half. English stars like John Hare, Sir George Alexander, Fred Terry and others have for this reason found it impossible to come back. Depending almost entirely on a Shakespearean répertoire, Sir Herbert has found it necessary to await the psychological moment. The tercentenary awakening this year has supplied it for as far as New York is concerned, that is, the Broadway clientèle has for a long time showed but an indifferent response to the works of the great poet. Let it be hoped that this renascence of Shakespearean interest has come to stay and that by a revival of concern there may be a rebirth of players capable of coping with the expression of the great emotions.

AS MACBETH

Sir Herbert is convinced that New York, always a most liberal patron of the arts, is bound hereafter to exercise a very positive influence in the advance of the poetical drama.

A dominant figure on the stage, to which he has lent dignity and a fine zealous effort to further the best and highest in the drama, Sir Herbert is an equally interesting and striking figure in private life. He is what one expects of a moving personality in the big affairs of life, a combination of the man of the world and the artist in temperament and powers of accomplishment. He knows how to talk ably on matters of wide import. How few players know but little more than the happenings in their own environment! He thinks, he writes, he has a nimble wit, he is familiar with the allied arts, he mingles with the world at large, he is a part of it. Something of this was David Garrick who played a truly illustrious part in a period distinctively pregnant in art, letters and wit. There is an ease, too, about Sir Herbert, a gracious assurance of interest in the affairs of others, a liberality of thought and opinion that makes him, in a profession so hide bound in the ego, seem something superior to the petty limitations of emulation and envy.

© F. W. Burford
AS MARC ANTONY

The actor-knight is fortunate in that he has retained his figure. There is no suggestion of embonpoint. The rotundity of his Wolsey is the addition of art, not nature. The hair perhaps is a trifle thinner than on his last visit, but the eyes are as keenly brilliant as ever, and the hands—the sure mark of an artist in their tapering grace—are an eloquence in themselves.

"It is not that I am a visitor to your country, an artist seeking its applause and support, that I voice my confidence in the part that it will play in the development of the stage. It is a sincere conclusion based on what I have seen and studied," he remarked. "Since I last visited your shores I see on every hand the marvellous advances that have been made in your arts, architecture, painting and sculpture. The drama which, after all, is a living combination of all these, must, perforce, take its place in the onward march of progress. It seems to me, however, that the heroic failure of the New Theatre was the greatest tragedy that could have happened to the modern stage in America. Conceived in such a liberal spirit and so generously endowed, it should have achieved all the anticipations it so popularly evoked. That money and brains could not awake an enthusiasm that should last gave out the suggestion that the public was not ripe for an enterprise based upon the higher poetic and artistic ideals. Perhaps the time was not quite ripe; perhaps the execution lacked a little something; perhaps—but why conjecture? It failed, and its failure was disastrous for the art.

"Every country," he went on, "should have its national theatre and yours undoubtedly will come in time, at least I hope so. As the necessity for a great man is never realized until he has made himself felt, so I believe the popular playhouse, the People's Theatre, will not arrive until a certain supply shall have created an urgent demand. I have never believed that it is an obligation on the part of a manager to subscribe to that popular shibboleth, "the public must have what it wants.' What the public really wants can only be learned by experiment. That it is not interested in other than the trivial and the meretricious is a fallacy. The stupidest intellect intuitively recog-

AS RICHARD II

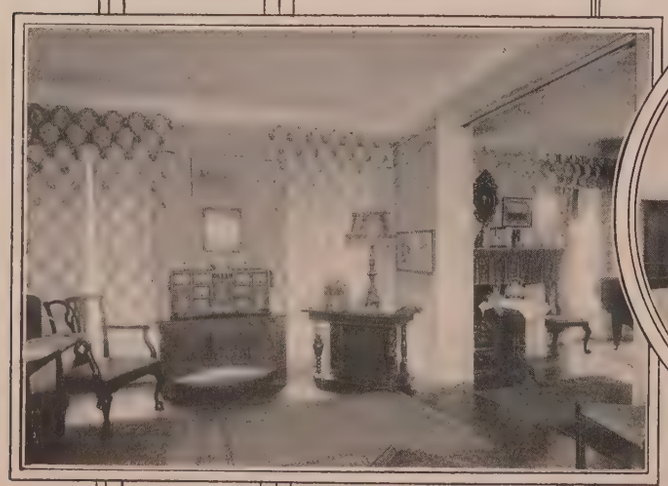
PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES

No. 20

MARGUERITE NAMARA

Miss Namara, who has a reputation in the concert field, has scored this season in the prima donna rôle of the Franz Lehar operetta "Alone at Last"

Photos Bradley and Merrill



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PLAYERS WHO APPEARED AT THE RECENT TESTIMONIAL TO MR. WILLIAM WINTER

Prominent players and well-known playgoers to the number of some three thousand gathered at the Century Theatre on March 14th last to do honor to William Winter, dean of American dramatic critics. The testimonial took the form, principally, of a Masque, written by Hermann Hagedorn, and in which Elsie Ferguson appeared as Chorus to a procession of the characters in the famous plays which Mr. Winter during his long career has been called upon to review. At the back of the stage, on a brilliantly lighted platform, passed the individual players, each pausing long enough for a brief, characteristic scene, and then passing on into the shadow. The spectators saw Katharine on her way to Padua, Rosalind in the Forest of Arden, and Mistress Page and Mistress Ford making merry over their letters from Falstaff. One saw Iago following Wolsey, and the Cardinal striding after Brutus. Mrs. Sol Smith was there to speak only a single line of her old Nurse's part, Rowland Buckstone was seen as Launcelot Gobbo, Beatrice Cameron as Portia, Annie Russell as Puck, Viola Allen as Viola, Chrystal Herne as Ophelia, etc., etc. A messenger read Mayor Mitchell's greeting, William H. Crane delivered a Winter poem, and David Bispham sang some Shakespearean songs. Ruth St. Denis gave her Radha dance and Leo Ditrichstein appeared in the first act of "The Great Lover." The above picture was taken at the conclusion of this remarkable performance when all the players taking part were assembled on the stage. The names as numbered are: 1, Jane Cowl; 2, Wilton Lackaye; 3, Alice Fischer; 4, Mary Lawton; 5, Fuller Mellish; 6, Percy Haswell; 7, Beatrice Cameron; 8, Rose Coghlan; 9, Oswald Yorke; 10, Albert Bruning; 11, James O'Neill; 12, Louis Calvert; 13, Elsie Ferguson; 14, William Winter; 15, Alexander Leftwich, Jr.; 16, David Bispham; 17, Rowland Buckstone; 18, Annie Russell; 19, Mrs. Sol Smith; 20, Brandon Tynan; 21, Herman Leib; 22, Orrin Johnson; 23, Pedro de Cordoba; 24, Julia Arthur; 25, Chrystal Herne; 26, Isabel Irving; 27, Henrietta Crosman; 28, Louis K. Anspacher; 29, Viola Allen; 30, Eric Blind; 31, Ernest de Cobe; 32, Kathryn Kidder; 33, Eugene Ormonde; 34, Walter Hampden.

nizes the best. Let them know that there is something higher, more stimulating, amusing and improving than the dreary offerings of the commercial stage and they will respond."

It was but natural the conversation should turn to the "movies" and the part they are playing either for or against the acting drama.

"My experiences before the camera in California where for two months we worked in preparing the 'Macbeth' film was a wonderful experience of new sensations and hard work. Let no one imagine that the moving picture actor's fate is one of mere fun. It is work, work of the hardest kind. Some days we labored for eighteen hours at a stretch, taking and retaking scenes until one was fairly ready to drop. But I think the venture was a success. Anyway the reel, which is soon to be released, will speak for itself. I cannot believe that an industry said to rank fifth in importance in this country can work a lasting harm to the spoken drama. It must encourage rather than stifle the imagination. In time perhaps the great public now so largely given over to the soundless drama will once more endure the human voice. When color is once added there will be no limit to the importance of the film, but I still believe that the wondrous potency of the human voice in expressing the emotions, in rounding out the visual aspect will by an uninterrupted diet of the cinema bring about an urgent and still wider demand for the vocal utterances of the player. The actor has always deplored that of all the arts he was the exponent of the only one that died with himself. Posterity could only know of the reasons for his fame from the rose tinted obituaries of friendly critics. Let him look out. The inventive genius of the age is handing him down to future generations just as he is. The moving picture reflects his technic, the graphophone his readings. 'Writ in water' no longer applies.

"The wonderful interest that is spreading throughout your vast country over the approaching tercentenary of Shakespeare's death must bring about a lasting and enduring interest in the works of the immortal Bard. Had the war not interfered it was my intention to present at His Majesty's in London an historical cycle beginning with 'King John' and continuing down through 'Henry VIII'; but as that was not to be it is a great pleasure for me to present here as many of his plays as my limited engagement at the New Amsterdam will permit of. I shall probably do 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and I hope 'Richard II.' I am particularly anxious to appear in the title rôle of the latter play. It appeals strongly to my poetical sympathy; is, I think, adapted to my personality, and further, has the element of novelty, for I am assured that since Edwin Booth presented it in 1878 it has had no hearing on the local boards. I should further really love to revive "The School for Scandal.' To act in such a play is a physical exaltation; but I'm afraid that will have to wait till a later visit if you will have me again. By acting Sir Peter as a man of fifty, instead of the usual septuagenarian, and having a Lady Teazle just emerging from her teens, it seems to me that the interest of Sheridan's sparkling comedy is rather enhanced and the future happiness of that enchanting theatrical couple made more probably enduring.

"You know an old-time English manager named Chatterton gave utterance to a conclusion that will linger long after its fallacy has been absolutely disproved and that is that, 'Shakespeare spells ruin.' I was warned that New York would prove unresponsive. I am grateful to say that my experience has been quite to the contrary. People do come to hear the Bard and in large and generous numbers too. They are a little late in arriving but the epidemic of late dining is spreading everywhere.

"There is nothing to hurry back to London for. I am keeping my theatre open simply to provide employment for those players who cannot go to the front; but for my London reappearance I have secured the English rights of 'The Great Lover.' I can only hope it will prove as great a success there as it is proving here."

It was Sir Herbert's faith in him as a poet and dramatist that was so largely responsible for the high position the late Stephen Phillips took in the English drama. When asked if he had any posthumous plays from his pen he replied: "I told Phillips once a certain explanation I had heard of the suicide of the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph and from that he evolved 'The King,' a tragedy in a continuous series of scenes, the action laid in Spain, which I shall hope later to do. It is an intense tragedy reminiscent of the Athenian drama."

If the moving picture experience in California was hard work, the life of a popular star in these parts is no light matter. Public addresses must be delivered, dinners of honor attended, social obligations noticed and eight performances given weekly of an exacting Shakespearean rôle.

What They Would Have Been IF They Weren't What They Are

By ADA PATTERSON

EVERYONE has a secondary occupation, as everyone has a subconscious life. If he hadn't pursued the vocation that became his, he would have adopted another as much, or more, to his liking. Sometimes he has abandoned that profession for his permanent one because it was less profitable, because, to use the brutal phrase of so great weight in the world of actualities, "he couldn't make his living at it." Whatever the reason it is to that occupation that his thoughts turn sighingly in moments of dissatisfaction with the conditions of his present pursuit or with its rewards. There is always a something he would have been if he hadn't been what he is.

That magnetic young actress, new-risen star in the Broadway firmament, but of several season's Pacific Coast shining, Marjorie Rambeau, was to have been a physician. Her mother studied medicine. The young woman of physique so fine, eyes so clear, nerves so true and muscles so firm, was well equipped for the life and work of a physician. But much time and many dollars were necessary to achieve the medical course. It required but a few weeks to earn enough dollars to stop the howl of the wolf and his scratching the paint from the door-step, by barnstorming through California. Accordingly Miss Rambeau began her barnstorming, which led her by smoother paths to Broadway. Yet she and her mother chat between acts at the theatre of the cases she might have had that day, if, instead of the actress she became, she had developed

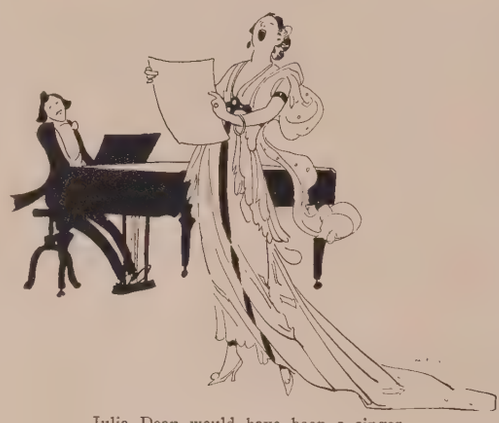
Jane Cowl liked newspaper interviewing

into the doctor they meant her to be.

It is a deep disappointment of her life that Ethel Barrymore did not become the pianist she had intended to be. She wanted to be a great one, a female Paderewski. You remember how nearly inspired was her conception of the erratic genius of the piano whom she created in "Tante?" Miss Barrymore was dreaming herself into the atmosphere of her first ambitious dreams. She did not want to go upon the stage. She had been behind the scenes of the actor's life. Her mother, Georgie Drew, had drawn its curtain for her. Her father, Maurice Barrymore, had lifted it. Her grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, had candidly raised it. The familiar takes on an aspect of sordidness. The child, Ethel Barrymore, rebelled against the stage, but, as many other young rebels, she was brought into line by the stern disciplinarian, fate.

"I went on the stage because I had to earn my living," she told me, while she was playing in "Captain Jinks," with a shade of the sullenness with which we accept what is given to us rather than that which we would have chosen.

Frank Daniels elected, and was elected by family vote, to be a dentist. With the hearty concurrence of all the family, he became an office boy for his brother-in-law, a prominent Boston dentist. But oft 'tis a trifle that directs



Julia Dean would have been a singer

our future. So small a trifle as a marble, or, strictly speaking, a game of marbles, deflected the course of Frank Daniels' achievements. While his brother-in-law went to luncheon, the office boy hung at perilous angle out the third story office window, waving frantic summons.

As though they had sprung from the ground, his comrades answered. Four of them, not as free from street grime as they should have been for the sanitation of a dental office, not prepossessing, nor reassuring, to nervous women patients entering by that room or waiting in the next. Returning from luncheon earlier than he was expected the dentist grasped the situation. Also he grasped his small brother-in-law. He shook him and bade him begone. To which family incident do we owe Frank Daniels, comedian.

If Hamilton Revelle had not been an actor he would have been an "art photographer." And an admirable one he would have been, I warrant. By the idealism that photography permits, he would have made other men look as handsome as he himself is. Photography is his play hours' pursuit, his pastime, the counter-irritant for the multiple cares of the stage.

Wilton Lackaye, by the parental edict, was to be a priest. He was not himself averse to the family program but asked that before beginning the life of the acolyte he be allowed to make a tour of Europe. In New York he saw plays and players and almost believed that the stage was his vocation. But, having forsaken the priesthood, he studied law. While studying law, he joined the Lawrence Barrett Association, a group of amateur students of the stage. Lawrence Barrett, witnessing his performance in a special production given in his honor, asked the

Frank Daniels elected to be a dentist

young law student if he did not want to go upon the stage and offered him a part in his company. Thus were the careers of priest and lawyer foregone, though both, he says, appeal to him. Certainly there is no doubt as to his gifts of oratory, though he employ them in stinging fashion.

Blanche Bates loved children. Ever since she can remember the sight of a child stirred covetousness in her, roused within her thoughts of kidnapping. It was natural that, these promptings being so strong, she should gravitate to a kindergarten, there to learn how to instruct the tots that were to her so fascinating. She avers a kindergartner she would have been, and hopes she might have been an epoch-making one, like Kate Douglas Wiggin. But at the end of her years as a student teacher in the San Francisco kindergarten she was, she says, "gently but firmly informed that the kindergarten was not my vocation." It was the accident of her appearance in a benefit for a favorite that determined her manner of livelihood earning and of fame making.

The eyes of Maclyn Arbuckle's mind were set upon the post of a judge. The honors, the black silk robe, the majestic mien, the rolling tones, of the occupants of a bench tickled his imagination. But he had to be content with playing "The County Judge" for three profitable seasons instead of actually administering justice. Yet the law still calls him as the shriek of a locomotive whistle calls the railroad man. He finds

Maclyn Arbuckle was ambitious to be a judge

relaxation and recreation in sitting in courts and hearing those who persisted past the semi-starvation stage of his own practice in Texas, in trying cases. He even, to legal friends, ventures a suggestion about their conduct of a case.

De Wolf Hopper's father was an eminent lawyer and it was decided in family councils that young Hopper should become as great a lawyer as his elder. But families propose and sons dispose. He used the $50,000 of his father's bequest in starring in a musical play. It was a failure but upon the experience Mr. Hopper built his successful career in comic opera.

Lewis Stone, who played the title rôle of "Bunny" and who previously appeared in "Inside the Lines," and is one of the sturdiest of the California contingent of players known as Coast Defenders, is a graduate of the regular army. He served in Cuba during the Spanish War.

Lillian Russell would have been a painter had she not utilized her voice in bread winning. She paid for her vocal lessons with pictures she painted. Her editor father's belief that she had no talent, and that her elder sister had, made this necessary. The family's financial surplus was expended for the elder sister's never utilized musical education. Her sister, calling upon an art collector to secure one of those paintings was surprised when (*Continued on page* 304

National VIVIENNE SEGAL
Who has scored a hit in "The Blue Paradise" at the Casino

© Ira L. Hill ALICE DOVEY
Playing Elsie Darling in "Very Good Eddie"

© Ira L. Hill YVETTE
Appearing in vaudeville

© Ira L. Hill
KHYVA ST. ALBANS
as Joan of Arc
Miss St. Albans, who was seen early this season as Juliet, will appear shortly in a new play

© Ira L. Hill JANET DUNBAR
With Otis Skinner in "Cock o' the Walk"

FIVE ATTRACTIVE PLAYERS ON THE METROPOLITAN STAGE

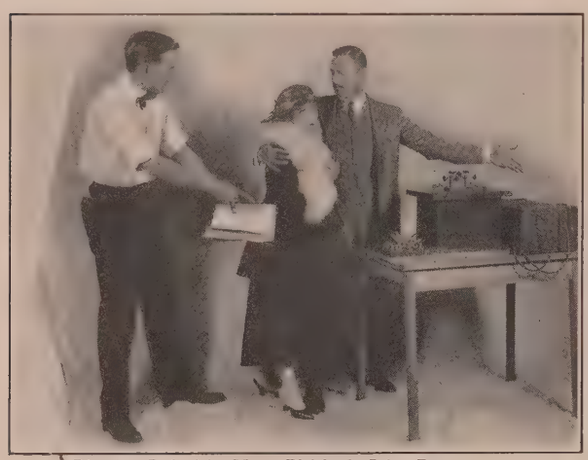
Photos White GRAND FINALE OF "DAME FASHION'S DEMANDS," SHOWING THE GREATEST CONGREGATION OF STARS EVER ASSEMBLED AT ONE PERFORMANCE

DIRECTING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF STARS

By ALEXANDER LEFTWICH

Stage manager of the Actors' Fund Benefit

WHEN Daniel Frohman, President of the Actors' Fund of America, told me he wanted to present the greatest galaxy of stars ever assembled on one stage for the Annual fund Benefit for 1916, he gave me the biggest order on record. The task was a stupendous one, as each year "the greatest" have appeared in aid of this most worthy of all charities, and to out-rival all "past performances" was a big undertaking. The result, as all now know, was a huge success form every standpoint, the sum of $10,000.00 being realized from the one matinée on January 28th, at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. A brilliant audience completely filled the vast auditorium and applauded and cheered their favorites as they appeared, played, danced, sang, or thrilled in their various rôles.



Director Leftwich, Mary Pickford, John Barrymore
Directing the wireless scene

© White Barney Bernard, Louise Dresser and Donald Brian

I wonder just how much the public knows of the enormous amount of work and time that is spent by the actors in preparing for this great annual affair. Of course every actor and actress in America wants to play in "the Fund Benefit," and were all the volunteered talent to be used, the performance would run from Monday morning until after midnight Saturday. So the program is made up of the greatest variety of acts and stars that can be selected, and into four hours is crowded all the wealth of the theatrical world for a single afternoon's performance.

The big dramatic attraction of this year's matinée was "The River of Souls," a Chinese tragedy by John L. Golden, in which Lewis Stone, Vincent Serrano, Antonio Moreno, and other well-known actors appeared and in which Miss Madge Kennedy played her first serious part. She won instant success. Miss Blanche Bates came in from her country home in Ossining and rehearsed for many days with a notable cast to present "The Interrupted Honeymoon." The Dolly Sisters motored over and danced their way into the hearts of all. The big "all girl" number from "The Midnight Frolics" and the entire company of Arthur Hammerstein's "Katinka" delighted beyond measure. Miss Molly Pearson and Julius Tannen were two artists who appeared alone and won much favor. Miss Laura Burt and Harry Stanford presented a gem of burlesque on Ibsen, written by William C. DeMille. The big event, "the headliner," was "Dame Fashion's Demands," a musical comedy satire in which no less than thirty-five of the most prominent stars of the stage appeared, backed up with a picked chorus of thirty of the prettiest girls from the Broadway musical shows.

Jim Corbett, Dorothy Donnelly and George E. Mack
Rehearsing the Mannequin Glide

Frank Lalor, Antoinette Walker and Ralph Morgan

But more than passing word must be made of the

(*Continued on page* 306)

© White

FIRST MUSICAL REHEARSAL OF "DAME FASHION'S DEMANDS"
Robin Hood Bowers at the piano

Scenes in Augustus Thomas' New Play "Rio Grande"

Act. I. Richard Bennett, Lola Fisher and Amelia Gardner

"RIO GRANDE," the new play by Augustus Thomas, is melodrama of the "Arizona" and "Colorado" *genre*. The action takes place in the military post at Laredo, Texas. Within the four periods of the exposition occur two murders, a suicide, an attempted suicide, and an assault; yet these various elements of violence are marshalled with such dexterity by the dramatist, the characters are so humanly real, the humor and wit so impelling, the ethics so sound, the logic so unerring, Nemesis so swift that the spectator sits spell-bound as the tragic episode unfolds scene by scene into a drama of the most gripping intensity. The post commander at Laredo is stabbed to death by a Mexican. In his dying breath he begs his young eighteen-year-old daughter to marry his friend and successor, Col. Bannard. Within two years Nan has broken her marriage vows and committed an act of infidelity with young Lieut. Ellsworth, whom she had loved before Bannard made her his wife. Overcome by remorse she realizes almost at once the enormity of her fault and she discovers that she really has grown to love her middle-aged husband. She has just sent Ellsworth away out of her life when her husband's orderly, Bill Hecht, confronts her, reminding her that he was a witness of the single clandestine meeting which had taken place between the two young lovers and as a price of his silence demands attentions which Nan spurns with horror. Hecht seizes her in an amorous embrace but she swoons and the orderly makes good his escape from the scene before Bannard learns the cause of his wife's plight. The following morning Bannard prepares to leave on a skirmishing expedition into Mexico. In the meanwhile Nan has become so overwhelmed with fear that she resolves on suicide. She writes a letter to Bannard admitting her fault and accusing the orderly. Bannard delays in reading it. Nan leaps into the Rio Grande to drown herself; she is rescued apparently dead but is resuscitated. Bannard leaves for Mexico with his command. On his return two days later the unsuspecting Bannard is again about to read his wife's letter when Lieut. Ellsworth, knowing that his own dishonor will now be disclosed, kills himself. Bannard finally learns the contents of that significant letter. Summoning the orderly he demands him to tell what he knows about Nan when as he opens his mouth to betray her, Bannard shoots him dead. Bannard then takes his deeply remorseful young wife in his arms.

Photos © Charles Frohman, Inc. Act III. Lola Fisher and Calvin Thomas
The lieutenant threatens to kill the orderly.

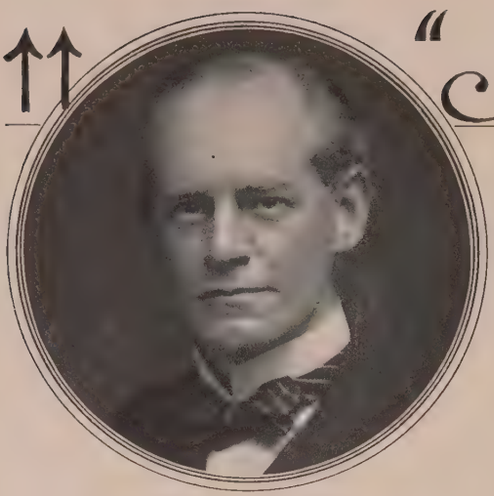
Act II. Amelia Gardner and Lola Fisher

Act II. Lola Fisher and Richard Bennett

Act III. Amelia Gardner and Frank Campeau
Nan's mother orders the treacherous orderly out of the house.

Act IV. Richard Bennett and Lola Fisher
The remorseful wife hands her confession to Col. Bannard

"Justice"



JOHN GALSWORTHY
Author of "Justice," etc.

JUSTICE,"* Galsworthy's play of prison life, has been called the greatest English play since Shelley's "Cenci." Produced originally at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, February 21, 1910, the piece created a profound impression and its revelations of the British penal system made such a stir throughout England that the Home Secretary inaugurated a reform of English prison methods within a few hours of the first performance.

The plot is simple, and bears striking resemblances to an earlier but less mature work of the same author, "The Silver Box." William Falder, a young clerk in a lawyer's office, driven to desperation by the brutal ill-treatment by her husband of the woman he loves, commits forgery to enable them to escape together to a foreign country; he is arrested on the eve of their flight, tried, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude which he serves. The rolling of the chariot wheels of "Justice," not content with this expiation of the "crime," grinds the woman into a prostitute and her lover into a suicide.

The opening scene shows the managing clerk's room in the offices of James and Walter How. Cokeson, the managing clerk, is sitting at his table adding up figures in a pass book and murmuring their numbers to himself. Sweedle, the office boy, announces that "a party" is there to see Mr. Falder. Cokeson tells the boy to ask her in. Ruth Honeywill enters. She is a tall woman, twenty-six years old, unpretentiously dressed, with black eyes and hair and an ivory-white, clear-cut face. She stands very still, having a natural dignity of pose and gesture. Cokeson says Falder is out and asks her to state her business. It is a personal matter, she replies. He retorts that private callers are not allowed. Then she says it is a matter of life and death. Falder comes in. He is a pale, good looking young man with quick, rather scared eyes. Cokeson says he will give them a minute and leaves them alone. Ruth tells Falder that her husband is on the drunk again and has tried to cut her throat. She came out in the morning before he was awake. Falder replies that he has bought tickets and will meet her at a steamboat office at 11.45.

FALDER: For God's sake don't forget we're man and wife. (*Looking at her with tragic intensity.*) Ruth!

RUTH: You're not afraid of going, are you?

FALDER: Have you got your things, and the children's?

RUTH: Had to leave them for fear of waking Honeywill, all but one bag. I can't go near home again.

FALDER (*wincing*): All that money gone for nothing. How much must you have?

RUTH: Six pounds—I could do with that, I think.

FALDER: Don't give away where we're going. (*As if to himself.*) When I get out there I mean to forget it all.

RUTH: If you're sorry, say so. I'd sooner he killed me than take you against your will.

FALDER (*with a queer smile*): We've got to go. I don't care; I'll have *you*.

RUTH: You've just to say; it's not too late.

FALDER: It *is* too late. Here's seven pounds. Booking office—11.45 to-night. If you weren't what you are to me, Ruth——

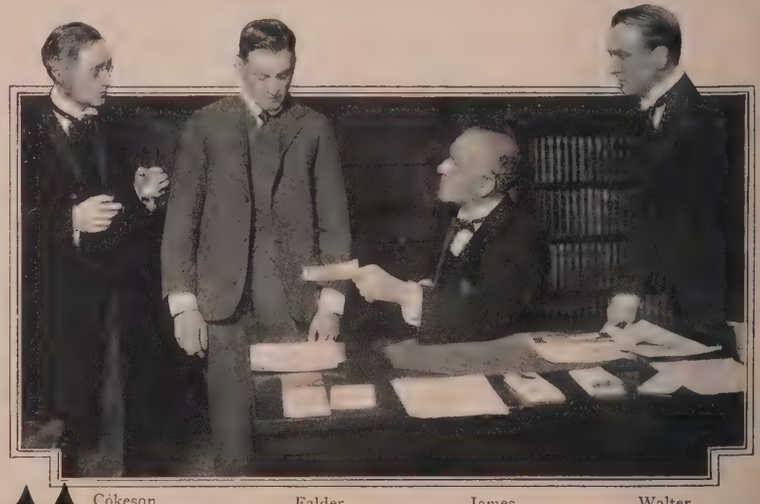
RUTH: Kiss me!

They cling together passionately, then fly apart just as Cokeson re-enters the room. Ruth turns and goes out through the outer office. Cokeson reprimands Falder for an improper use of the premises, but says he won't mention the matter. Walter How, a rather refined looking, pleasant man of thirty-five, comes in, and after discussing a law case with Cokeson, greets his father, Mr. James, a shortish man with white side-whiskers, plentiful gray hair and shrewd eyes, who has just entered. Mr. James says that the firm's balance is below what he supposed it was. They examine the cheque-book. A cheque for ninety pounds attracts their attention. Walter is sure the check he drew was for nine pounds. He recalls that Davis, who has now sailed for Australia, took it to the bank and got gold for it. Suspicion points at him. The cashier of the bank and a detective are sent for at once. Meantime the office boy informs Cokeson that "she's popped up again—something she forgot to say to Falder." The head clerk says she must wait outside. Falder will be going to lunch soon.

The cashier arrives and immediately recognizes Falder as the man who cashed the cheque. Frightened, the young man returns to his room and a moment later, hat in hand, starts out of the office. They stop him and he replies he is going to lunch. The elder How questions him concerning the cheque, and Falder retorts that he does not recognize it. He is charged with having cashed it. Falder admits cashing it for Davis and handing the money over to him. He denies having changed the amount from nine to ninety pounds. When he can no longer defend himself, he goes entirely to pieces. James sends Falder back to his room, and tells the others that there's nothing for it but to prosecute. It

Photos White — Ruth Honeywill (Cathleen Nesbitt) — Falder (John Barrymore)

Act I. "We've got to go. I don't care; I'll have *you*"



Cokeson (O. P. Heggie) — Falder (John Barrymore) — James (Henry Stephenson) — Walter (Charles Francis)

Act I. James—"You know this cheque, Falder?"

Act I. Detective—"Come, come; there's a good lad!"

*"Justice," a tragedy in four acts. Copyright, 1910, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

was too neat a piece of swindling for him to believe that it was the first offense. Cokeson says there was a woman who came to see him in the morning and no doubt he was tempted. After questioning, he admits that the woman is no relation to Falder, but that she is married, her children being with her. Walter and Cokeson both plead for the young man, but James is obdurate. He draws their attention to the sneaky way Falder went to work, thinking suspicion would fall on Davis, and argues that for their own protection they must prosecute.

Act II opens in the Court of Justice with Falder on trial. Mr. Frome, the counsel for the defense says that he is not going to dispute the fact that the prisoner altered the cheque, but he will give evidence as to the condition of his mind, showing that he was not responsible for his actions at the time. He relates the circumstances of Ruth Honeywill's life—her brutal husband whom she has no power to get rid of, for the law will not grant a divorce on the charge of violence—her love for Falder on whom she set all her hopes. She saw a way out of her misery by going with him to a new country where they might pass as husband and wife. Cokeson testifies, and later Mrs. Honeywill tells her tragic story. On the morning of July 7th her husband nearly strangled her, she says, but she managed to get away from him and went straight to Falder, who greatly upset, nearly wept because he had no money to give her. The next day, however, he gave her money to buy an outfit for herself and the children. Falder testifies that the reason he did not confess after he had committed the forgery was that after doing so dreadful a thing, if he hadn't done it for something, he might just as well have chucked himself into the river.

Mr. Frome asks the jury to weigh in the scales his criminality and the suffering he has undergone. He has lain in prison under this charge for two months; he has had his punishment; the rolling of the chariot-wheels of Justice over this boy began when it was decided to prosecute him. The counsel for the crown states his case. Later the foreman of the jury announces the verdict to be "Guilty."

THE JUDGE: The crime you have committed is a very serious one. I cannot feel it in accordance with my duty to Society to exercise the powers I have in your favor. You will go to penal servitude for three years.

Scene 1 in Act III shows a room in a prison. Cokeson comes at the request of the prisoner's sister, whose husband refuses to allow her to come. He asks that Falder be allowed to run about fearing that the solitary confinement will affect his mind.

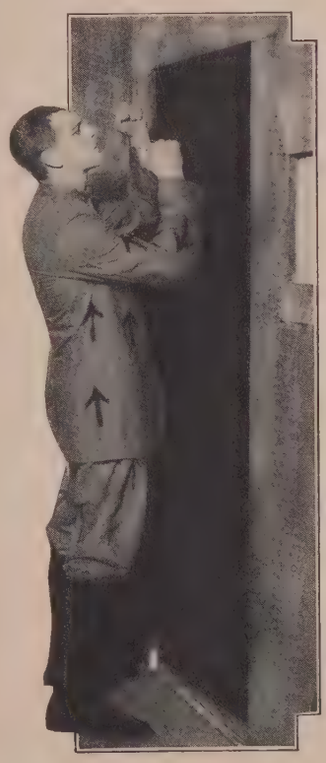
THE CHAPLAIN: Our friend seems to think that the prison is a hospital.

COKESON: There's just one little thing. This woman—I suppose I mustn't ask you to let him see her. It'd be a rare treat for them both. He's thinking about her all the time. Of course she's not his wife. But he is quite safe in here. They're a pitiful couple. You couldn't make an exception?

GOVERNOR (*wearily*): As you say, my dear sir, I couldn't make an exception; he won't be allowed another visit of any sort till he goes to a convict prison.

Act III. Falder—"I feel I'll never get out as long as I live"

Scene 3 in Act III shows Falder's cell. The prisoner is seen standing motionless, with his head inclined towards the door, listening. Then, with a heavy sigh, he moves to his work, then begins pacing the cell. It has grown very nearly dark. The cell light behind the glass screen has been turned up. The cell is brightly lighted. Falder is seen gasping for breath. A sound from far away, as of distant, dull beating on thick metal, is suddenly audible. Falder shrinks back, not able to bear this sudden clamor. But the sound grows, as though some great tumbril were rolling towards the cell. And gradually it seems to hypnotize him. He begins creeping nearer to the door. He suddenly raises his clenched fists. Panting violently, he flings himself at his door, and beats on it.



Act. III. Falder raises his clenched fists and flinging himself at his door beats on it

Two years later Ruth Honeywill enters Cokeson's room a kind of exultation behind her habitual impassivity. She has seen Falder, who has been released from prison. She informs Cokeson that she is not living with her husband. Her return to him after Falder's imprisonment did not work well.

RUTH: He used me worse than ever. He couldn't break my nerve, but I lost my health; and then he began knocking the children about... I couldn't stand that. I wouldn't go back now, if he were dying.

COKESON: We mustn't be violent, must we?

RUTH: A man that can't behave better than that—

COKESON (*fascinated in spite of himself*): Then there you were! And what did you do then?

RUTH (*with a shrug*): Tried the same as when I left him before—making skirts—cheap things. It was the best I could get, but I never made more than ten shillings a week, buying my own cotton and working all day; I hardly ever got to bed till past twelve. I kept at it for nine months. (*Fiercely.*) Well, I'm not fit for that; I wasn't made for it. I'd rather die.

COKESON: My dear woman! We mustn't talk like that.

RUTH: It was starvation for the children, too—after what they'd always had. I soon got not to care. I used to be too tired. (*She is silent.*)

COKESON (*with fearful curiosity*): Why, what happened then?

RUTH (*with a laugh*): My employer happened then—he's happened ever since.

COKESON: Dear! Oh, dear! I never came across a thing like this.

RUTH (*dully*): He's treated me all right. But I've done with that. (*Suddenly her lips begin to quiver, and she hides them with the back of her hand.*) I never thought I'd see *him* again, you see. It was just a chance I met him by Hyde Park. We went in there and sat down, and he told me all about himself. Oh! Mr. Cokeson, give him another chance.

She goes out and Falder comes in. He tells Cokeson that he has had two jobs. His first employers learned about his past, and he left the second as he hadn't acted as he should have regarding references, and was frightened. The partners come in, and they decide to give Falder another chance.

JAMES: Now, my boy, what you've got to do is to put all the past behind you and build yourself up a steady reputation. And that brings me to the second thing. This woman you were mixed up with—you must give us your word, you know, to have done with that. There's no chance of your keeping straight if you're to begin your future with such a relationship.

FALDER: But, sir....but, sir....it's the one thing I looked forward to all the time. And she, too....I couldn't find her before last night. (*Cokeson becomes very uneasy.*)

JAMES: This is painful, Falder. But you must see for yourself that it's impossible for a firm like this to close its eyes to everything. Give us this proof of your resolve to keep straight, and you can come back—not otherwise.

FALDER (*after staring at James suddenly stiffens himself*): I couldn't give her up. I couldn't. Oh, sir! I'm all she's got to look to. And I'm sure she's all I've got.

Cokeson, while Falder goes to the window, acquaints the partners with Ruth's story. They call her in.

FALDER: Mr. Walter How is good enough to say that he'll help us to get you a divorce. (*Ruth flashes a startled glance at James and Walter.*)

JAMES: I don't think (*Continued on page 305*)

Act IV. Ruth—"What is it? He's not breathing. My dear! My pretty!"

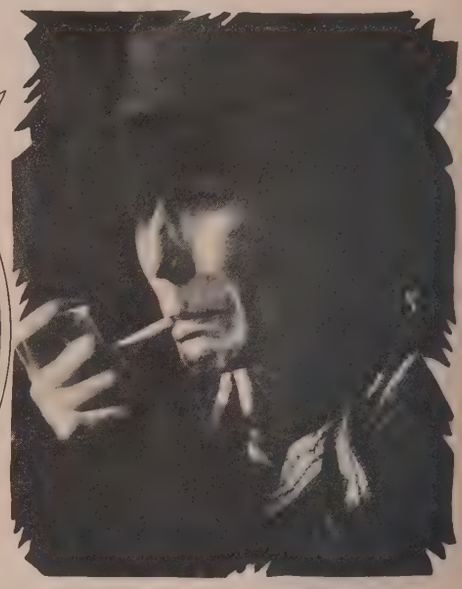
Violet Dale—A Remarkable Feminine Impersonator

By ARCHIE BELL

as Mrs. Leslie Carter

Bangs

as Nazimova in "War Brides"
(above) Violet Dale as herself



as Chevalier in "My Old Dutch"

VIOLET DALE is a name well known to vaudeville audiences of the country, but the audiences do not suspect that her real name is Violet Rosedale Cavell. Yes, she's a first cousin of the martyred English nurse. But that's another story. Because the Cavell family objected to one of its members going on the stage and because one young lady declined to be dictated to by her family, she changed her professional name and it stays changed. All of the king's horses and all the king's men cannot oblige Miss Dale to change her name back to Cavell, and they cannot make her willingly refer to the family connections for publicity purposes, just because one of them happened to be shot as a spy.

What Miss Dale prefers to talk about is make-up, a matter in which she shares the opinions of the famous Eleanora Duse, who declined to "make a clown of herself with paint and powder, just because she happened to be an actress."

"Beautiful actresses like to be very coy when they are being admired and remark 'make-up covers a multitude of sins,'" says Miss Dale. "Also, the very young ones like to look at a motion picture showing some of the older actresses, remarking in a feline manner, 'the camera does not lie.' Well, as for the first platitude, I declare myself an enemy of make-up in the usual sense of the word. Over in Paris, when Madame Simone played 'Le Vieil Homme,' she represented a woman about sixty-five years of age. Did she paint wrinkles on her cheeks, great purple blotches under her eyes to denote 'the sunken eyes of old age,' or did she wear a white wig that looked like a bunch of sheep's wool? No, she merely sprinkled a little powder on her auburn hair as a concession to the audience. She *acted* a woman sixty-five years of age. That's the thing for an actor or actress to think about. Their business is *acting* and if they would pay a little more attention to this essential of their business, they could pay much less attention to other minor details.

"I have spoken of Madame Simone, because she is a long distance away. I am speaking of what is possible and I will make no personal mention of any of the fine actresses on the American stage, who daub their faces with cosmetics every night, and twice a day when there is a matinée, just for the purpose—the mistaken purpose—of 'looking like the character' to the audience. It is unnecessary to make any specific mention, because the practice is general. Girls go into the theatrical business and one of the first things they are taught is how to put on the rouge and powder, with the thousand and one additional touches of the toilette.

"My point is: *act* and make your face look the part! Make your face convey an impression of the character to your audience. All the make-up in the world will not accomplish this entirely, unless the wearer of the make-up have some sense of characterization. Don't think so much of the surface and get beneath the skin; that's what counts. At least, this has always been my advice to myself, and it is my advice to others. It's a comparatively easy thing to pin white whiskers on one's face and look like 'King Lear.' Children are able to paste a black beard on the chin and look very like Svengali. Probably it is this childish practice that has led George Moore and other critics to maintain that acting is the lowest of the arts, because children can be taught to act, while children cannot be taught to mould statues or paint great pictures. But much of the so-called acting of our day depends upon clever make-up; and it has done much to place the stage in its present status. Some of our famous actors are open to criticism in this respect, as are the lesser lights. They paint their faces to the shade of a pale Paris doll one night and appear as Hamlet; the next night they paint in the care-worn wrinkles and veins and are Richard III; and then they pin on the white whiskers and appear as Lear. But do they act Hamlet, Richard and Lear? That's the question, and I believe that instead of 'covering a multitude of sins' too much reliance upon this exterior detail of make-up covers a multitude of incompetencies among actors, who may be able to 'look the part,' but fail miserably when their work is judged by the critic of acting."

All of which may be quite within the province of a Violet Dale to utter; but the other brothers and sisters of her profession may as justly declare that she is the fortunate possessor of a remarkably flexible face. It is a very pretty face—sometimes when its possessor is not thinking of anything in particular; and then it changes chameleon-like to a very ugly face when she "feels that way."

"The principal thing is to *think* what you are supposed to think, with sufficient intensity to make your auditors see things as you see them. One should not attempt to play Portia while thinking about next season's engagement, next Sunday night's party, or how much the spring suit is going to cost. The thing to do is to think Portia, have some very definite opinion about how she looks, talks, walks and gestures, so that the audience will see what you are thinking about."

But again, one might answer that this depends both upon one's thinker, one's face—and the audience.

It might be a difficult matter for Marie Dressler to *think* Portia or Ophelia so intently that her audience would see the lady of Italy or Denmark. Could Mrs. Leslie Carter *think* Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm sufficiently to make an audience see her in the part? And what would be the result of Vernon Castle or Al Jolson thinking themselves Herr von Barwig in "The Music Master"! One hesitates to carry Miss Dale's reasoning too far.

But the lady does not depend upon her own words as a proof of her theories. She does not even ask others to take the words of audiences who have *seen*

(*Continued on page* 306)

Photo Victor Georg

ELSIE FERGUSON

Broadway was startled recently by the announcement that this popular young actress who has been seen in the title rôle of Hall Caine's play "Margaret Schiller," is to essay the part of Portia in Sir Herbert Tree's forthcoming production of "The Merchant of Venice." Miss Ferguson has been studying the Shakespearean rôle for some time and her recent delivery of the lines as the Chorus at the testimonial to William Winter leads many to believe that she will acquit herself well.

A Seer of the Stage

Unique figure in the players' world, an actor-manager endowed with the strange gift of prophecy.

By EILEEN O'CONNOR

FRANCIS P. SAGERSON
Actor, manager, and seer

A TALL young man with the round eyes of a child and the benevolent air of a priest stands near the main entrance or close to the stage door of a theatre and, lifting his hat with a manner that is unmistakeable, inquires: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

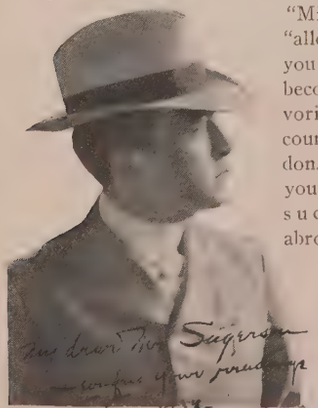
He may even address you in like manner if he chances to meet you on the street. It is an unusual act by a most unusual young man. Francis P. Sagerson is a figure unique in the environs of the playhouse. Actor, manager, advance man, he serves Thespis in a triple capacity, but the fourth wall of his structure of usefulness is advice. Inspired advice many mimes believe it. Francis Sagerson himself does not know whence comes the light by which he guides the steps of the uncertain.

"Something in me tells me to say something and I obey it," he says. "The most interesting study in the world is personality."

That is all he knows about his strange gift, which he exercises for sheer love of it and of humanity, especially the warm hearted, impetuous, sensitive, tremulous folk of the stage. But this is what he does:

Encountering Edna May in the manner I have described while she was playing in "The Belle of New York" at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he stepped impulsively to her side.

"Miss May," he said, "allow me to tell you that you will become a great favorite, both in this country and in London. I feel that you will, after stage success, marry abroad, leave the stage and live in happy retirement the rest of your life."



Edna May turned wondering eyes upon him. She still turns wondering eyes upon him since the passage of the years has brought about a literal fulfillment of his prophecy.

Maxine Elliott was appearing in the Garrick Theatre in her first starring vehicle, "Her Own Way," when the boyish visitor bared his head before her.

"You have a character of tremendous force," he said. "You will move steadily on in the course you desire."

There entered her dressing room a round-faced, quicked-mannered man.

"I am having a character reading, Nat," said Miss Elliott.

"I would like one," suggested her husband.

"Sorry," the boy responded, "but I never give more than one in a day. They are exhausting."

LILLIAN NORDICA
Whose future the seer foretold with astonishing accuracy

When the visitor had retired the young sage bent serious eyes upon the brilliant occupant of the dressing room.

"You and Mr. Goodwin will separate," he said abruptly. "And he will marry again. You—I am not sure that you ever will."

The famous tenor is also a firm believer in Wizard Sagerson

"You are the most masterful woman I ever met save Lillian Nordica," he went on. "You will cut your way through difficulties, and your strong spirit will be tremendously helpful to others, especially in time of great conflicts."

To the great diva to whom Maxine Elliott bore character resemblance, beside the further coincidence that they are daughters of the same State, sturdy Maine, the youthful wizard went and said:

"In your mind is contemplation of divorce. You will fulfill this expectation and shortly afterward you will marry again. Your happiness will be great but not lasting."

Mme. Nordica's severing of her bands to Zoltan Doehme and her marriage to George W. Young quickly followed.

He gained the ear of E. H. Sothern while Mr. Sothern was playing in "If I Were King," at the Garden Theatre and said: "This is very well in its way, but I would advise you to drop it. Your greatest rewards will be gained from Shakespeare."

In Atlanta, while he was managing a company that played in another theatre he had converse with Mary Mannering who was then playing in "A Man's World." "You will marry shortly and leave the stage, but you will return to it, now and then, in special engagements," he informed her.

Ruth St. Denis told him more than a decade ago that she would soon appear in an East Indian play, and that David Belasco would produce it.

"No, you will not," insisted the startling young man. "Your path will be special performances of Eastern dances. Walk, or rather dance, in that path."

To the stage door of the American Theatre he went one night while "Me, Him and I" was being presented and addressed Gertrude Hoffman, who was singing the soubrette rôle: "You will be one of the big figures of the American stage, but not in this line. Certainly not in this. Turn serious. It will pay you. And find another channel for your talents."

After seeing Edith Wynne Matthison in "Everyman" he hastened with youthful impetuosity to the stage door, and accosted Miss Matthison and her husband, Charles Rann Kennedy with: "Your name is not on the program but it will be. The American public will make

Photo McClure, N. Y.

Sincerely yours
Mary Pickford

you a star." Two years ago the young prophet was the manager of a company in which Miss Matthison starred in "The Deadlock."

Frances Starr was playing ingénues in "Oliver Twist" at the Murray Hill when the inward flash led her to him as a Broadway star. She keeps that postcard with a girl's head like her own sketched upon it and beneath the words: "To Frances Starr who will someday be a star on Broadway." To her at all her premières comes a card with a sketch and the words: "I told you so—Sagerson"; telling their story of elation at her own progress and in his powers of prognostication.

Mary Ryan was playing in "The Girl Patsy" at the Savoy. Young Sagerson appeared, breathless, before her: "You are discouraged," he affirmed. "You are amidst depressing influences. But you will escape them and you will figure conspicuously in successive New York successes.

From his seat in the auditorium he sent to Helen Ware, while she was playing in "The Kreutzer Sonata," a pencilled note: "In two years you will be a star."

To Beverly Sitgreaves who created the fiery and jealous prima donna in "The Great Lover," he went with the welcome news: "You have developed dramatic fire to the nth power. Someday you will startle Broadway. Meanwhile you must teach." "But I don't want to teach," Miss Sitgreaves flashed at him. "You must and will," was the rejoinder. Early this season Miss Sitgreaves combined her acting with teaching.

Photo Hoppé

DORIS KEANE IN "ROMANCE"

Miss Keane has met with great success in the Edward Sheldon play in London, where she is appearing at the Lyric Theatre

Heavily weighted souls shift their burdens to him. Memory remains of an actress, still young, who, from what motive was never determined, killed herself in Baltimore. It was thought the deed was the fruit of impulse. Yet three years before she had said to the youth who even then, was known as "the friend of all actors": "Tell me, will I ever do what I do in this play, end my life?"

"Turn your thoughts from it. It is in your power to avert such end," he urged. Yet it came and in three years.

He stopped on the street, a tall, fair haired young man who was plunging ahead oblivious of the crowd that parted to make way for him. Francis Sagerson laid his hand on his shoulder with the words: "Can I do anything for you?" He invited the young man to lunch with him. He pleaded with him against the purpose he saw in his face. But this time his efforts availed not. "Prince Paul," the spectacular youth who claimed that he sat for the pen picture of the hero of "Three Weeks," shortly afterwards died, self slain.

Deeply devout, the young friend of Thespians often bids the discouraged accompany him to the St. Patrick's Cathedral and there, in silence, prayer and meditation, gather strength for the solution of life's special problems.

He gave to Ethel Valentine such an invitation when he met her on Forty-third Street. His hat went off. He introduced himself. In the manner unmistakable of one who radiates sheer kindliness he said: "Pardon me! I saw your work in a stock company in Omaha. Can I do anything for you?"

It was a time of inactivity and despondency for Miss Valentine. She so said.

"Let's walk up to the Cathedral," invited her new friend. They turned into Fifth Avenue. At Forty-eighth Street he guided her away from the avenue. They strolled down Forty-eighth Street. They passed the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. A matinée crowd was pouring out of the theatre after witnessing the tragedy "To-day."

Mr. Sagerson stopped, rested his hand on his companion's arm, exclaimed forcefully: "You are going to play Lily in 'To-day.'"

"You are crazy," the girl from the West replied. "I could not play that part."

"You are going to play it," he insisted. "Go home and write Mr. Broadhurst. You will see what will happen."

Within a fortnight the little unknown had followed Emily Stevens in the exacting rôle.

Occasionally the inward flash reveals a player using a name not fitted to his needs or personality. To an actress beginning the metropolitan struggle with the stage name, Gladys Gray, he said: "You and your name and destiny are not in tune. Change it to Jane Grey." The young woman, under that name, is an established leading woman in New York.

A young man had a quarrel with his fortunes while he was known as Ed. Fox. "Your name doesn't harmonize! Get another," advised the young counselor. Ed. Fox was metamorphosed into Edward Carewe. As such he secured an engagement in one of Chauncey Olcott's nearly endless tours, and has become one of the most brilliant directors of motion pictures.

Two thousand autographed photographs and innumerable letters bear testimony to the work of the young missionary of hopefulness. Enrico Caruso sent his thanks and a sketch of himself by himself.

From a dressing room in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York City, came a letter: "Dear, dear Mr. Sagerson—Isn't life wonderful? Our conversation was the beginning of it all—Ethel Valentine."

Francis Sagerson is of a simple Johnstown, Pa., family, in which priests have long predominated. He works without compensation—all he seeks is to help, inspire and encourage.

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The New Plays

(*Continued from page 277*)

"The Co-Respondent," in constructive logic, would do credit to a Labiche or a Sardou.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE KING OF NOWHERE." Romantic comedy in three acts by J. and L. du Rocher Macpherson. Produced on March 20th with this cast:

Godred, Lou-Tellegen; Henry VIII, Sydney Greenstreet; Lord Harry Fitzwalter, Corliss Giles; Sir Dick Denny, Robert Adams; Sir Anthony Fairfax, Cameron Mathews; John Skinner, Charles Rogers; Fenwolf, Galwey Herbert; A Doctor, Armsby Ayers; A Chaplain, Harry Chessman; A Jester, Robert Vivian; A Page, Charles Derickson; Attendant, Dana Parker; First Guard, Martin Snell; Second Guard, Norman Rolfe; Queen Catherine (Parr), Wilda Mari Moore; Mistress Lettice Plantagenet, Roselle Cooley; Mistress Eleanor Courtenay, Irene Bell; Mistress Phyllis Arundel, Eileen Wilson; The Lady Margaret Silchester, Olive Tell.

If somewhat tedious as an expression of the slashing sweep of romantic comedy drama "A King of Nowhere," by J. and L. du Rocher Macpherson, still serves its purpose in supplying Lou-Tellegen with a rôle that enables him to depict defiant scorn, passionate love and heroic enthusiasm with all that fervor that marks his standing in the picturesque school. His experiences as a prisoner at the Court of Henry VIII of England make for much that is pleasingly romantic. If he were just a little less self-satisfied the effect would be far more defined. Miss Olive Tell is a heroine rarely beautiful to look upon, and like her prototype in Gringoire finds her sense of pity is but another expression of unquenchable love. A really brilliant impersonation is contributed by Sydney Greenstreet as Bluff King Hal, racked with the gout and tortured by the recollection of his bloody deeds. It is a remarkable combination of humor and dramatic meaning.

What They Would Have Been

(*Continued from page 292*)

he refused to sell it. "I keep it because of the talent it shows," he said. "Miss Russell had undoubted talent and if pictures had yielded returns as quickly as singing did, she would have become a great painter."

May Irwin would rather lecture on household economics to-day than act. But she can't sing her lectures, and she can't get much of her inimitable comedy into them. Or she would have been glad to become that personage, a visiting housekeeper, setting things right in great houses for the return of their owners from the country or from Europe, and directing the corps of servants as a general directs his army. But domestic economics in her own family required that Georgie Campbell, aged twelve, should sing for a living, and that singing and acting she has lucratively done.

Clara Morris handled the brush with some skill in the days when she was a ballet dancer, and was toeing her way toward the heights as the greatest emotional actress in America. At the threshold of this year she said to me, regarding the habit of looking over the shoulder at the profession that might have been ours: "I would rather paint one good picture than thrill the world as an actress."

It was only because the sale of pictures is precarious that young Johnston Forbes-Robertson, destined to be knighted for his acting, left the brush for the buskins. Robert Edeson would have been a painter, but is an actor instead for the same reasons, and so of Charles Cherry.

Fiske O'Hara had visions of military glory before he went upon the stage. He served in the Spanish-American War. Jane Cowl was a newspaper woman before the stage claimed her. She wrote good interviews and bits of fiction. It was the lack of financial reward to the beginner in these arts that deflected her course from the editorial rooms of the *Times* to the Republic Theatre stage. Beverly Sitgreaves and Julie Opp were newspaperwomen. So was Zelda Sears. All could distinguish themselves again in that field, did they choose.

Julia Dean would have been a singer had fate permitted her choice of a vocation.

The East-West Players

On April 7th and 8th the organization of actors known as the East-West Players presented at the Berkely Lyceum four plays from the Yiddish in English. The plays were: "The Yellow Passport," by Abraham S. Schomer, author of "To-day"; "Colleagues," a Ghetto picture by Zalmon Libin; "The Stranger," a fantastic comedy, by Perez Hirschbein, and "Night," an allegoric impression, by Sholom Asch.

The East-West Players have inaugurated the present movement to give the Yiddish drama "a voice in the concerted theatre of the world!" The first program of playlets was arranged to present a varied selection of plays. "Colleagues," which is localized in the Ghetto, was played with a slight intonation to suggest the characters more vividly. "The Yellow Passport," presented in 1911, preceded "The Yellow Ticket," and originally appeared in Yiddish as a four-act play, "At Sea." "The Stranger" (Elijah, the Prophet) is a picture of Jewish life in a Russian village and was played with a more marked intonation to suggest the atmosphere of the setting and the mannerisms of the people. In this playlet, the author has employed a world-old legend, giving it merely a Jewish background and a quaint twist. (Hawthorne's "The Miraculous Pitcher.") "Night" is universal in conception and is played without any characteristic intonation.

The company is under the direction of Gustav Blum, and gave a very creditable performance.

Books Received

WRECKAGE. By J. Hartley Manners. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

JOHN FERGUSON. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

QUINNEYS'. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE APOSTLE. By Paul Hyacinthe Loyson. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

CLOUDED AMBER. By Patience Warren. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

SAUL. By John Armstrong Chaloner. Palmetto Press: Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

A DAY DREAM IN JAPAN. By Percy Burton. Boston: John W. Luce and Company.

THE LEAST RESISTANCE. By Kate L. McLaurin. New York: George H. Doran Company.

MRS. BALFAME. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE ABYSS. By Nathan Kussy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

SHAKESPEARE'S THEATRE. By Ashley H. Thorndike. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

LIFE AND GABRIELLA. By Ellen Glasgow. Illustrated. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THE ASSAULT. By Frederic William Wile. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

JAMES NORRIS. By Albert Pyrmont. New York: C. Regenhardt.

THE HATE BREEDERS. By Ednah Aiken. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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New York *Times* correspondent accredited to the French armies on the Western front. Mr. Williams says:

"That 'Tuxedo Process' must be a wonderful thing, judging by Tuxedo tobacco. The most enjoyable and satisfying smoke I ever tried is Tuxedo."

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WALTER NIEBUHR

With the German army during the drive on Warsaw, for the United Press. Mr. Niebuhr says:

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"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

Million Dollar Stars

(*Continued from page 294*)

fashion show in which myriads of stars twinkled and shone so brightly. The idea I started off with in writing the "book" was to first get an original idea, for such a cast as I proposed to people my story with would not care to "revive" anything, and all must show to the best advantage. I hit on the idea of casting convention and tradition to the winds and where "Madame" had reigned supreme I placed "Monsieur"; in other words, let a smart woman run a man's smart tailor shop, men's clothes, men's fashions, men manikins. The models must be the smartest of all tailored garments, and each shown from the standpoint of satire, not burlesque.

Thus "Mamselle Toupé," gorgeous Louise Dresser, was assisted by the statuesque Virginia Fox Brooks and beautiful Olive Tell in running "a smart shop for the smart man on Ultra Fifth Avenue." Who should come in to buy clothes? Stars, stars, stars galore. Can you imagine what a unique combination it was to have Dorothy Donnelly, the famous "Madame X," playing a scene with James J. Corbett and Frank Lalor, who nightly dances and jokes with Gaby. Then Montagu Love, the matinée idol, "scened" with Masie Gay and George E. Mack, two stars from "Sybil." Now Roy Atwell, the droll comedian from "Alone at Last," sang and acted and purchased the "Leap Year Suit." Then dashing Donald Brian danced and sang with Miss Dresser after acquiring the "Débutante Evening Suit." Vincent Serrano, William L. Abingdon and Marjorie Rambeau were the husband, the lover and the "unchastened wife" in the eternal triangle scene which brought them to buy the "Co-respondent Suit," the "Divorce Suit," and the "Alimony Suit." Then into the shop strolled Jack Barrymore and little Mary Pickford greeted by a storm of applause that rocked the building. Was the little goddess of the movies at home in musical comedy? She was perfectly at home, and when Barney Bernard breezed in "made up" as "Abe Potash" and bought up the business and "exposed the finale," little Mary perched in the comfy seat of an electric motor car and in the glare of a dozen spot lights, sang like a veteran. The music? I wrote seven songs and Robert Hood Bowers worked like a demon and wrote seven of the best and catchiest airs heard this season. When the seventy-five voices sang *"The Manikin Glide"* with a dozen stalwart Lambs as manikins dancing their heads and feet off, a big number "went over," and spelled "success" for the show.

Weeks of time, thought, work and worry had been perfected and concentrated for this one afternoon, all was staked on sixty minutes of drama, comedy, farce, music, dancing, everything that could be blended and brought out by the greatest array of stars ever assembled—it worked, they did it, they "put it over," it was a "hit." And into history passes the 1916 Fund Benefit, perhaps the most successful of all. Over two hundred artists embracing every branch of the profession appeared and did their big or little bit toward the cause of amusing the hundreds of fellow players and public "in front"; and each and every one of these hard working busy actors and actresses not only achieved a personal hit, but fulfilled and exceeded beyond all expectations the success of "the greatest ever."

Farewell, and do not quite forget me after I am dead. O men, I have deserved that you should think of me, for in my lifetime I have often thought of you to make you happy. May it ever be so!—*Beethoven* (*in his "Will"*).

Violet Dale

(*Continued from page 298*)

what she was thinking about, without makeup. She refers to platitude number two: "the camera does not lie" as proof of what she says and believes.

"The camera does lie," she declares, "at least it does unless you will admit that the camera is also able to feel and see and think what the poser is trying to impress upon it, as he or she should try to impress an audience. I know that cameras are often made to lie by the aid of the retoucher. Fat cheeks and chins are cut off to resemble Venus curves. Snapping bright eyes come forth in the finished photograph, often enough, when in reality the camera has registered organs of sight that resemble oysters. Noses that are flat are made to look like the nose of Apollo; or little turned up 'pugs' are pulled down to where they ought to be. That's the reason that so many 'beautiful actresses' are so disappointing when you see them on the street in the morning."

As exhibit number one, Miss Dale offered a photograph of herself "as Alla Nazimova," made without make-up and developed and printed without retouching. Ten persons were asked: "Who is it," and nine of the ten replied: "Nazimova."

Photograph number two was "as Mrs. Leslie Carter." It is said that a group of vaudevillians, just for a prank, left one of these photographs on Mrs. Carter's dressing table at the theatre. When the lady saw it, she remarked: "Well, I have never seen that one before, but I've been photographed so many times that I cannot keep track of all of them."

The photograph "as Albert Chevalier in 'My Old Dutch'" so pleased the man who took it that he exhibited it in a gallery of pictures simply labelled "Study of an Old Man."

"Justice"

(*Continued from page 297*)

that's practicable, Falder.

FALDER: But, sir——

JAMES: Now, Mrs. Honeywill. You're fond of him?

RUTH: Yes, sir; I love him.

JAMES: Then you don't want to stand in his way, do you?

RUTH (*in a faint voice*): I could take care of him.

JAMES: The best way you can take care of him will be to give him up.

FALDER: Nothing shall make me give you up. You can get a divorce. There's been nothing between us, has there?

RUTH: No.

FALDER: We'll keep apart till it's over, sir; if you'll only help us—we promise.

JAMES (*To Ruth*): You see the thing plainly, don't you? You see what I mean?

RUTH (*Just above a whisper*): Yes.

FALDER: I don't understand. You're not going to give me up—after all this? There's something—(*Starting forward to James*). Sir, I swear solemnly there's been nothing between us.

JAMES: I believe you, Falder. Come, my lad, be as plucky as she is.

FALDER: Just now you were going to help us. (*He stares at Ruth, who is standing absolutely still; his face and hands twitch and quiver as the truth dawns on him.*) What is it? You've not been——

WALTER: Father!

JAMES (*hurriedly*): There, there! That'll do, that'll do! I'll give you your chance, Falder. Don't let me know what you do with yourselves, that's all.

FALDER (*as if he has not heard*): Ruth?

COKESON (*suddenly*): There's someone out there.

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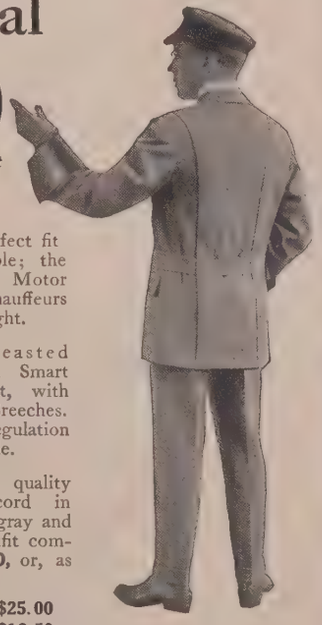

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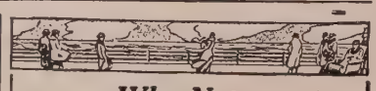

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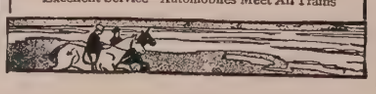

Falder and Ruth go into the other room. A detective comes in and asks for the clerk he arrested two and a half years ago. He has failed to report for four weeks and there is a matter of obtaining employment with a forged reference against him. He sees Falder's cap on the table and he goes in and brings out Falder. They go out through the outer office, Falder half dragging the detective after him.

There are sounds of footsteps descending the stone stairs; suddenly a dull thud, a faint "My God!" in the detective's voice. The outer door is open. The men are sen carrying some burden, which they lay down. The detective says that he jumped. His neck's broken. And what was it—just a few months. Ruth drops on her knees by the body.

RUTH (*in a whisper*): What is it? He's not breathing. (*She crouches over him*). My dear! My pretty! (*Leaping to her feet*) No, no! No, no! He's dead!

What I Think a Good Play

(*Continued from page* 283)

harmlessness of this girl heroine who follows the line of least resistance, clashes with her mediocre helplessness. The result is something every woman in every walk of life feels and recognizes. The life of that class to which this heroine belongs may be an unknown quantity. Her more sheltered sister sees her plight just as clearly. Those critics who have condemned this play because it reveals a situation that could only happen within a limited radius, are absurd.

Very few good plays—I mean "good," as distinguished from "successful"—are written any more. Competition and commercialization have driven them out. There is, in my estimation, a whole great group of successful modern plays that have fallen just short of being "good plays." Each of them had its good side, of course—a freshness, a facility, a glimpse of real insight here and there, to account for its vogue. Yet each of them reveals an incompleteness.

That is a great thing in any play: its inevitableness. In fact, if what I consider a good play could be reduced to any one brief definition, that would be the point involved. This would be my definition; a good play is one that impresses you with a feeling that it simply had to be, at the time when it happened; also with the feeling that it couldn't be otherwise that it is.

Such a definition looks elastic enough to cover all the multitudinous kinds of plays that are, in a way, good during the more or less brief life allotted them.

Philharmonic's Jubilee Year

Jubilee year is the New York Philharmonic Society's announcement for next season, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the society. The event itself will be celebrated by a five days' festival which will include festival performances in each of the four New York series, the Thursday evenings, Friday afternoons, Saturday evenings, and Sunday afternoons. These series will, as usual, comprise twelve Thursdays, sixteen Fridays, four Saturdays, and twelve Sundays in Carnegie Hall and the soloists engaged so far include Josef Hofmann, Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, Alma Gluck, Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt and Percy Grainger.

"Well, Landlord, how's business now-a-days?"

"Oh, purty good, purty good. Had a wohle passel o' people register yistedday. They was five gentlemen, three ladies and four musicians."

MAURICE FARKOA DEAD

Maurice Farkoa, the well-known actor and singer, died suddenly of apoplexy March 21st last, in his apartment in this city.

For many years Mr. Farkoa has been a favorite light singer on the American stage. He had a well-trained, sympathetic voice added to

Maurice Farkoa

a charming personality. His last metropolitan appearance was in "Miss Information" at the Cohan Theatre, and more latterly he was associated with his cousin, A. Nilson Fysher, in a restaurant in West 45th Street.

Mr. Farkoa was born in Smyrna. His father was a Frenchman, and his mother English, which accounts for his perfect command of the English language. He began his career in the banking business, but success with his voice in drawing rooms encouraged him to try the stage. He made his début in London in 1895 at Daly's in "An Artist's Model" and later was seen in "Three Little Maids" at the Prince of Wales, following this with appearances in "Madcap" and "The Little Cherub." He came to America in 1904 in "The Three Little Maids." Since then he has appeared in New York in "Dream City," "The Merry Countess," "To-night's the Night," etc., etc.

National Open Air Festival Society

On Sunday afternoon, June the 4th, the New York Polo Grounds will be the scene of a performance of Verdi's Requiem on a scale such as has never yet been attempted in this country.

The presentation of the famous work will be in charge of Louis Koemmenich, the Director of the New York Oratorio Society and of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, with Mr. Arnaldo Conti, formerly the principal conductor of the Boston Opera Company and of the Constanzi Theatre of Rome, as his assistant. The chorus will number 1,200 singers, chosen from among the various choral societies of New York and New Jersey, while the orchestra will have 120 musicians, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra forming an integral part of it.

The quartette of soloists includes Lucile Lawrence, a singer as yet unknown to New York audiences, although she comes with an enviable European reputation as one of the foremost living dramatic sopranos. Other soloists are Maria Gay, the Spanish contralto; Giovanni Zenatello, and Leon Rothier, the eminent basso of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"I wonder why Miss Snow is such a social favorite," said Mr. Jenks. "She doesn't sing or play, or even recite."

"Well," returned Mr. Jenks, "probably that's the reason."—*Musical America.*

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But it is not enough to draw a moral. In the United States five great Engineering Societies — Civil, Mining, Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical — have pledged their services to the Government of the United States, and are already working hand in hand with the Government to prepare industry for the national defense. They receive no pay and will accept no pay. All they seek is opportunity to serve their country, that she may have her industries mobilized and prepared as the basic line of defense.

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By Mlle. MANHATTAN

Footlight Fashions

Photo White

Metallic cloth has been elected first place in the Realm of Fashionable Materials for the coming season. Miss Edna May, who is soon to appear in a new Vitagraph Feature, casts her vote for Silver, while Miss Edna Wallace Hopper, shown below, "takes sides" with the Gold! Edna May's gown, topped with its shimmering silver cloth jacket has an embroidered net flounce springing from just above the knees. A beautifully curled ostrich edge softly outlines the jacket and carries out the feathery note in her huge fan.

Photo White

Like a gorgeous glittering golden butterfly is Miss Edna Wallace Hopper in her favorite frock of gold tissue and gold embroidered lace. Gossamer wings veil her beautiful shoulders and least they gently float away altogether, are weighted down with many ribbon loops.

© Underwood & Underwood

Mrs. "Tony" Drexel, Jr., permits THE THEATRE *to use a photograph of her very lovely dress which was of her favorite combination of silver and pink, with one of the few long trains seen this Spring.*

WITH Springtime in the air, and the sign of the orange blossom and the wedding veil hanging gaily out in all the shops, it is not to be wondered at that a generally bridal air marks the prevalent fashions as seen at the Easter entertainments and weddings that crowd upon each other these sunshiny days.

The few novelties at the theatre, especially Elizabeth Marbury's production of "See America First," which drew the smartest audiences seen at any theatre during the waning days of Lent. The principal attractions in this piece were the smart frocks in which Miss Marbury dressed her chorus, and the singing of Dorothy Bigelow, a daughter of Mr. Poultney Bigelow by his first marriage, and of course a granddaughter of the late John Bigelow.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt graced the première of Miss Bigelow, in a very charming gown of pale gray chiffon cloth with one of the new basque bodices of gray soirée embroidered in silver with sparkling touches of crystal here and there. Simplicity was the key note of the triple tunic skirt of chiffon, the sole decoration being a silver tassel at the tip of each of the points in which the three "tiers" were laid. Mrs. Morgan Belmont, noted always for the charm of her toilets, looked stunning in a festive little primrose colored gown of dancing length. Of course, Mrs. Belmont may wear a frock of the frailest possible material without a quiver, and so she chose primrose tulle for her theatre gown with a full circular skirt of silver tissue as a foundation.

The skirt was circled with a wreath of roses shading from pale yellow primrose to a coral pink, and set on exactly as in Mrs. Astor's gown sketched in last month's THEATRE MAGAZINE.

"What a sweet little bag," gurgled Mrs. Vanderbilt's daughter to August Belmont's daughter-in-law, as they chatted in the foyer while every one was urging the carriage man to call her car first. And the bag, which dangled from Mrs. Belmont's wrist was certainly "sweet." At first glance it looked like one of the tiny beaded bags embroidered in a flower design, but closer examination showed that it was a net work of gold with a solid design of rubies and diamonds in a scroll pattern completely covering the side.

Mrs. George Gould, looking only younger than her daughter, and Mrs. "Tony" Drexel, were among Miss Marbury's guests, and although I tried to sketch Mrs. Gould's very beautiful white and silver gown, I was too dazzled by her extraordinary jewels to be able to transfer the costume to paper. Mrs. Drexel, however, permits THE THEATRE to use a photograph of her very lovely dress which was of her favorite combination of silver and pink, with one of the few long trains seen this Spring. Miss Tree, daughter of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, has been receiving a great deal of attention this Spring, and is one of the very few English girls who seems always smartly gowned. Lunching with her father at Delmonico's a few days ago, Miss Tree in a costume of the ever popular Palm Beach cloth in biscuit color, looked absolutely as a young gentlewoman should. A smart black hat of the quilly looking straw so much favored by Tappé and François, with a single rose blooming on the side of the crown, was immensely chic and becoming. If you like watching the new styles as shown in the latest frocks worn by the smartest girls in New York, you cannot afford to miss Angelica Schuyler Brown (she won't be Miss Brown much longer, of course,) when she takes her morning walk on the avenue. Miss Barbara Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, frequently goes for a brisk constitutional with Miss Brown, and both girls are turned out with absolute perfection. Miss Brown likes dark blue tailor frocks, but she has no prejudices against the spring-like shades of gray and champagne. A jaunty little cheviot of gray mixture with soft tan suède revers and cuffs, and touches of tan on the big pockets, is most becoming to Miss Brown, who quite deserves her title as the prettiest girl in New York society, when she does a brisk walk that brings color to her cheeks and sparkle to her eyes with Miss Rutherford as a pacemaker.

Miss Rutherford has a delicious little répertoire of smart French frocks, but the gem of her street wardrobe is a tailored affair turned out by a New York house. A soft Havana broadcloth is the fabric employed, and the exceedingly full round skirt is quite smartly shortened to show the beautifully cut shoes that always mark Miss Rutherford's toilet. Pipings of a lighter shade give a very *coquette* finish to the sleeves and jacket and appear again at the bottom of the skirt. Anyone less inspired than a great artist would choose one of the new brown sailor shapes to wear with this girlish costume. Not so Miss Rutherford's wise and discriminating mother. Mrs. Vanderbilt's choice is a black "flat," with the new French Artillery chain encircling the low crown, and guiltless of further trimming. I believe Bendel is responsible for this clever note in millinery.

The most envied girls in town, of course, are the fortunate débutantes who are finishing their first season in society as brides. The list is a very interesting one, and Ada Bryce Gray, Irene Langhorne Gibson and Barbara Thaw will attain to the dignity of matronhood just as this issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is published. Miss Gibson is the luckiest of these early brides in the matter of wedding chests, her aunt, Mrs. Waldorf Astor, having sent her from England a gorgeous collection of linens, it has taken years to gather. Miss Thaw is showing so much wedding silver, that I should think the stock of the Gorham Co. must be quite devastated by the bridal raids made upon it. Novelties in the form of jewelled parasol tops, some of them made from the hideous remains of cartridges sent from the trenches in France or Belgium, and mounted with rare gems, are most popular bridal gifts. I have just been shown an "aviation kit," which is quite the last word in wedding presents. The kit, which is intended for a June bride whose *future* is an enthusiastic air man, consists of a fleecy swans down hood and muffler for the chill altitudes with an inhaler for remedying the rarification of atmosphere, that makes high flying so unpleasant. As weight is to be considered in air trips, the little kit, which also includes liquid warmth and stimulant, is so exceedingly light that Marie Durea who herself will become Mme. La Comtesse Fal de Saint Phalle in the church of St. Ignatius de Loyola on the ninth of May, whispered to Louise Trevor, who will be a bride a few days later, that carrying it aboard an aeroplane would be the same thing as casting off ballast. Sir Herbert Tree's Easter party was marked by the presence of some smartly gowned women of society, but Grace George and Laurette Taylor looked more stunning than any of the other guests. Miss George wore a lovely creation of silver tissue with an overdress of lace, looped with orchid colored blossoms of a sort unknown to florists.

Photo Davis & Sanford

Laurette Taylor specially posed for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. *Her Moyen Age gown shows a Shakespearean inspiration.*

Photo White

Grace George specially posed for The Theatre Magazine. *Her tailleur of Palm Beach Cloth shows a novel coat with upturned skirt.*

The absinthe tulle dancing frock of Margaret Hawkesworth has a white jet sleeveless bodice. Specially posed for The Theatre Magazine.

© Ira L. Hill

They looked like sweet peas trying to be roses, but then they drooped like wistarias, too. Nobody who saw Miss George, however, wasted any time trying to classify the garlands on her gown; everyone was too busy complimenting her upon her enormous success in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion. By the way, Julie turned out a triumph in a tailored novelty for Miss George, in the latest play of her season. As you may see by the accompanying photograph, it is of Palm Beach in a pongée color, and the upturned skirt of the coat, is quite a new note in tailleurs. Soft green suède, belt, buttons shoes and hat band mark this toilette. Miss Taylor, who came over from Philadelphia for Sir Herbert's party, wore a lovely gown, showing a Shakespearean inspiration in a Juliet effect of long Italian lines and a half mediæval effect in the severe cut. It was made with a tunic of pink chiffon over pale blue and the neck which was cut square *à la* Juliet, was embroidered in opalescent colors which also appeared at the sleeves. Old Italian brocade of shimmery opal colors was used for the petticoat of this adorable gown with which were worn no jewels except an antique Italian bracelet which Benvenuto Cellini might have designed, and a very beautiful old ring.

A fashion article that fails to mention that Margaret Hawkesworth has at last made her début as a stage dancer, would be quite incomplete, since Miss Hawkesworth's gowns have attracted almost as much attention as her dancing, at the Palace Theatre, where her Micarême engagement has lengthened in response to a general demand from fashionable audiences for repetitions again and again of her drawing room dances. A feature of Miss Hawkesworth's first professional engagement has been the large number of parties chaperoned by fashionable matrons, who have studied from loges and boxes the newest steps which will probably be popularized at Newport and the fashionable resorts this Summer. And let it be set down at once, that the dances of this season are far less extravagant than last year's. There is more of the gliding, skating effect, and less of the abrupt dip and whirl of what characterized the "new" dance of the past season or two. Miss Hawkesworth has worn some very charming frocks, one of the most admired appears in a specially posed photograph taken for The Theatre. This dress is of the new white jet combined in an artful way with a delicious shade of absinthe—a greeny-yellow tint of unusual beauty and becomingness to Miss Hawkesworth's dark beauty. The loose round bodice has a deep pointed basque front and back, and a triple skirt is cleverly simulated by the arrangement of flounces of net heavily jetted in white over absinthe satin. Two bands of the jet, arranged in a jumper effect, cross the bust and secure the quite sleeveless bodice being caught at the waist in the back with a huge velvet rose that sparkles with white jet dew drops.

White jet, by the way, is a novelty that bids fair to become most popular. It is stunning on stately gowns for the matron, but admissible as well for the débutante. It is quite the most effective garniture of the Spring, and appears in many of the trousseaux ordered for May and June weddings. Mrs. Philip Lydig has duplicated Miss Hawksworth's frock in black, and I find it even more effective than in color. But then Mrs. Lydig has a way of wearing her clothes that gives them a cachet quite her own.

The Shakespearean Masques—and their number is as the sands of the sea—have brought out numbers of quaint old-time-y frocks in modern fabrics cut on Shakespearean lines. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is wearing a garden party frock in a Watteau effect that looks like a memory of "Sweet Anne Page" from the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has chosen a very beautiful Venetian brocade of white and silver that looks quite like Portia, for wear at one of the interesting weddings in St. Thomas' next month. Mrs. Vincent Astor is back from the South and wearing radiant smiles and frocks to match. Instead of heavy brocades, Mrs. Astor's choice runs to exquisite gauzy fabrics embroidered in gold or silver thread, quite in Desdemona fashion Let nobody persuade you that Miss Margaret Wilson, the sole unmarried daughter of the White House, scorns the frivolities of fashion. Miss Wilson patronizes the smartest bootmakers and corset shops in New York, and last week spent more than an hour trying on veils, one after another, at the atelier of Burby, before she was quite satisfied with a mesh that suited her fancy. It is attention to little details that gives Miss Wilson the effect of being far prettier and more chic than Nature really equipped her to look. She is always perfectly groomed and perfectly gloved, and that constitutes a very great part of smart dressing these days. *N'est-ce-pas?*

New bridesmaids bouquets are in the shape of balls of small flowers swung from the wrists with ribbons matching the blossoms.

After Milady has exhausted herself looking for sports, coats and skirts that are "different," she goes panting to Mrs. Copeland and that unfailing fairy godmother of the chic and unusual is never at a loss to show something quite new since yesterday.

Parasol handles as shown at Tiffany's are more beautiful and graceful than ever.

Flowered muslin handkerchiefs made from a bit of one's Summer frocks are a fad of the coming hour.

Cat collar bracelets of a narrow leather strap jewelled with precious stones are the latest whim of the ultra-fashionable woman.

Popular wedding gifts shown by ultra-smart jewelers are sets of "Klaxons." These comprise small horns for summoning a footman to the tennis court or a caddy to the putting green and include big ones quite loud enough for the last trumpet. In nickel, gold or silver, they start at eighty dollars the set and run high into the hundreds.

Clothes Seen On The Stage

Photo White

Exclusively posed for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

Valli Valli's Sevres frock will be worn for the first time May 1st. It reproduces in different coloring her original "Dresden China" costume.

A half-bridal, half-Quaker-maiden gown of soft gray chiffon, touches of "smocking" done in canary yellow, and a canary chiffon fichu that lent it distinction and quaintness.

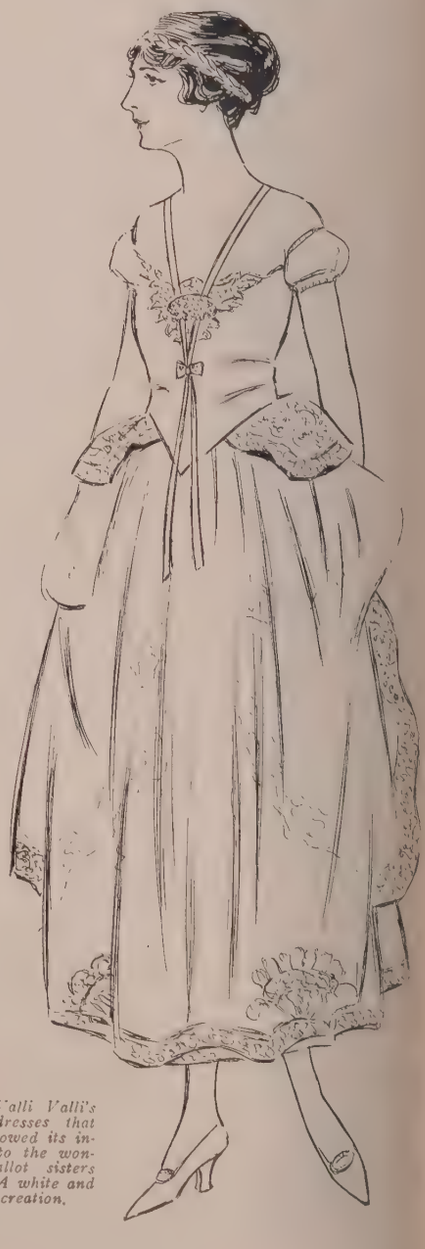
IF you were called upon to define the most prominent characteristic of Valli Valli in one word, that word would be taste. Whether she frock herself in the glittering glory of the wonderful Dresden China creation which furnishes the chief sartorial note in the Cohan Review, or strikes a minor key in the simple black gown worn in her imitation of Jane Cowl in the same travesty, she simply reeks with tastefulness. That is why the Fashion editor wished to catch a glimpse of Miss Valli Valli and her frocks in her own home, and that is why the scribe and the artist made a pilgrimage to the pretty apartment which she shares with her sister, just off Park Avenue in "the early 50's," the other morning. Spring was in the air, and Spring was enthroned on every available perch in the charming boudoir in which Miss Valli Valli displayed the most fascinating of her favorite frocks. There were crocuses—big American crocuses—and English primroses in all sorts of vases and bowls all about the place. There were violets and saucy, nodding jonquils in each wide window, and there were touches of Spring in the huge baskets of white lilacs that stood beside each uncurtained doorway. But the completest embodiment of Spring with its youth and joyousness, was Valli Valli herself as she slipped on one after another of the most radiant and vernal creations the Spring of 1916 has brought forth. If you are interested to know just the environment in which the heroine of the Cohan Review "tried on" for THE THEATRE, it was a charming room done in soft chintz in which a note of Chinese blue was dominant. It was so pre-eminently a gracious and attractive little room, that the artist found herself unable to stifle faint squeaks of ecstasy. "So glad you like my rooms," smiled Miss Valli Valli, "but my best things are in my home in England. Such nice old mahogany, they are!" and she gave a glance almost scornful at the fascinating little furnishings that make her New York home quite definitely charming.

And her frocks? First came a white and silver creation, which, although made right here in New York, evidently owed its inspiration to the wonderful Callot sisters of Paris. It was an evening dress of silver tissue, with outstanding reeds at the hips to widen a looped-up tunic, arranged in a novel effect of opening drapery, at the sides.

A beautiful embroidery, wrought in iridescent pearls and sequins, defined the outlines of the upper skirt which fell in chaste and elegant lines over a lower petticoat of silver. A quaintly cut bodice of gleaming white satin, with large softly puffed "picture" sleeves, was edged around the shoulders with a foliage design done in the same seed pearls and sequins, and finished in the centre of the front with a flat placque of pearls which confined a necklet of heliotrope ribbon, with ends that escaped the pearl ornament, to be caught again half way down the bodice by a brooch of black enamel and pearls with a gleam of brilliants in the setting. A filet of silver leaves crowns the coiffure, and white satin slippers with buckles of brilliants, and heliotrope stockings with clocks of seed pearls finish this charming costume.

Admiration filled the eyes of the scribe and the artist who gazed upon this beautiful dress, but something more than admiring—almost I might say adoring, was the expression in a third pair of eyes that followed Miss Valli Valli with an expression of mute and awe—struck devotion. Deep liquid brown eyes, they were, full of velvety topaz glints—and of these eyes, more anon, as the novelists say.

Having struck envy to our hearts by displaying her pet evening gown Miss Valli Valli caused still deeper anguish by "trying on" a little frock eminently suited to wear to May parties and those pleasant little feminine gatherings for a morning hour of music, so popular at the Easter season. It was a half-bridal, half-Quaker maiden creation of soft gray chiffon made with a full, round waist with fine touches of "smocking" done in canary yellow. Just



One of Valli Valli's evening dresses that evidently owed its inspiration to the wonderful Callot sisters of Paris. A white and silver creation.

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All Palm Beach appearing cloths are not Palm Beach—but you will find the trade-marked Palm Beach label in every garment made of the Genuine—decline imitations.

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THE PALM BEACH MILLS

GOODALL WORSTED CO. SANFORD, MAINE

Clothes Seen On The Stage—(Continued)

Photo White

Valli Valli's "Poor Jane Clay" frock. Specially posed for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

above the waist line was posed a soft puff of gray over yellow. Long bishop sleeves showed lines of smocking at the wrist, and a flat frill, piped with yellow dropped over the hand. Valli's hands are so pretty, that it seems quite wicked to hide them, but there was an indescribable coquetry in the little game of hide and seek they played as they were hidden or revealed by the frill.

The Quakerish skirt was adorned with a full pocket—this ample *poche* is a feature of the newest Paris gowns—which, like the sleeves had a decor of the yellow smocking. Grey suède shoes with old silver buckles were worn with this costume which was finished with a hat to make one gasp at its adorable chic and simplicity. The chapeau was of canary yellow straw with a wide brim, embroidered with a design in tiny white beads done in irregular straight lines. A bow of soft white ribbon sprouted recklessly forth from the side of the crown, and short ends that fell just to the edge of the brim were finished with tassels of the white beads.

I have almost been guilty of crime in forgetting to mention the canary chiffon fichu that gave distinction and quaintness to this Kate Greenaway effect. The adoring brown eyes fairly melted as Miss Valli appeared in this primly picturesque gown and their owner frisked and barked with delight as his mistress strolled about the room in search of a blossom the shade of the yellow accessories to her toilet. For, of course, it was "Paddy" the Irish terrier whose royal ancestry is lost in the mists of Gaelic tradition who owned the third pair of admiring eyes. And when Miss Valli Valli "christens" her newest frock at Sir Herbert Tree's May party, Paddy will accompany her and do violence to his emerald Irish taste by wearing a yellow ribbon about his haughty neck.

Of course, Miss Valli Valli's "Dresden China" frock, which was described fully in last month's THEATRE, has been widely copied by smart modistes for fashionable women, here and in other cities, but having studied models and fashion plates until her head whirled. Miss Valli Valli has decided that for utter joyousness and charm she cannot find anything to approach that original, and so Julie has reproduced it in Sevres tones of blue and gold for the Easter performance of "The Cohan Revue," and here it is.

The "Poor Jane Clay" frock, worn in the trial scene in the same production, is in the language of no less fashion expert than Mr. George M. Cohan himself, "good for a laugh" at every performance by reason of its absurd contrast to Miss Valli Valli's previous magnificence. It is a triste little affair—I wonder if I may call it a lugubrious gown?—of black alpaca with a seedy straw hat of nondescript shape bound with a black ribbob. The final note of woe in this outfit is given by the ever damp handkerchief with which Valli Valli staunches her stage tears. "Do you really weep, in the trial scene?" I demanded when the actress displayed the simple majesty of this dreadful little gown to my horrified eyes. "Wouldn't you?" she asked, "if you had to wear a frock like this and a pair of 'run-over' shoes every night?" And despite the fact that the trial scene is perhaps the most rollicking bit of nonsense seen this winter. I was forced to answer "Yes."

Photo Matzene

That stripes and sports must appear together this season, Miss Blanche Ring is well aware, so she chose for one of her sports costumes a suit of two-tone striped Palm Beach Cloth.

Some Spring Frippery

This chartreuse (oddly enough, through a rather unusual color, chartreuse is becoming to the majority of people) Milan covered with Copenhagen blue chiffon and garlanded with bunches of chartreuse and pinkish colored grapes should have its destiny linked to the muslin cape shown below with its Copenhagen blue taffeta collar.

ONE of the happiest revivals, this Spring, of the 1860 period is the quaint little muslin and taffeta capes such as our grandmothers used to wear. A very smart New York shop is making a specialty of this neckgear, of which we caught a sketch or two, one of nigger brown taffeta, brown tulle ruffles and old blue grosgrain ribbon, for the street; one of embroidered muslin, scalloped and collared with Copenhagen blue, for a light summer dress. Not of the same period, of course, is another bit of neckwear, but a new version of a midseason indispensable with rosettes in shaded ribbons tucked cunningly away in its folds.

There are muslin and net capes trimmed with scallops, with flutings of white net, with embroidery, all having the crispest, coolest, most engaging look about them.

Black moiré is again the height of the mode for handbags, one smart shop says, and shows them in every conceivable shape and size, very puffily gathered, as if influenced by the contours of the year's skirts, and trimmed with jet—beading, tassels, or both—or strips of silver tissue. Black moiré and jet suggests a dowager combination, but there is so much sheen on the silk and sparkle from the jet that merely a very rich and not a heavy effect is produced. The most frivolous could carry one with impunity.

This is to be a season, evidently, for keeping one's complexion well-polished up, if one is to gather anything from the size of the brims on the newer hats. A veil would be almost an impossibility on some of them. I saw two stunning models of this sort, black Milan sailors, flaring of brim and sparing of trimming, a black plume for the latter in one case and a quill for the other.

Where is the woman who can be properly dressed without one small hat in her wardrobe? And if a turban is her type of the small hat there is nothing in which she will look quite so well. How does a jaunty black Milan, with five pink roses in a bed of grayish lavender leaves, strike you? I thought it quite inspired.

An altogether adorable cape of nigger brown taffeta is edged with tulle ruffles in the same shade and has old blue grossgrain ribbon running through eyelet holes at the neck.

This black moiré bag wears a peplum like our two years' ago skirts, and to make itself a sure and "shining mark" adds a jetted border. Though jet and moiré suggest a dowager combination there is so much light and sparkle to the silk and jet that the young and frivolous can carry the bag with impunity.

The newest note in bags is the introduction of stripes of silver tissue in combination with black moiré, a striking effect. Some of the stripes are pale green or lavender shaded silver tissue. The one above is of the plain silver tissue and moiré.

The Dolly Sisters, Yancsi and Rozsika, who have been in this country but a few years, have nevertheless climbed to the top of the theatrical ladder as exponents of the unique and artistic in dancing, having made remarkable hits in the Winter Garden and the "Ziegfeld Follies." The Dolly Sisters are shown wearing Knox Millinery.

© Ira L. Hill

Rawak, Magician

Most unusual in shape and fresh from the brain of the designer is this Rawak model of natural-colored leghorn, with its cut-out piece on the side. Bound with a modest picot-edged turquoise grosgrain it sports in contrast a bold pink velvet rose and her green leaves.

A HAT should always be chosen with reference to the face and the size of the head with which it is to be worn. That sounds ridiculously obvious, doesn't it? But if one is to judge by the mismatched millinery and countenances one sees going about in the world such a relation would appear to be quite the last thing considered by women in their selections of hats. The same care that is given to the fit of a glove or a shoe should be given to the fit of the crown.

Yet a sallow-faced woman will misguidedly select for herself a shiny rose-colored straw of hard lines because forsooth she thinks it obligatory to match the already misguided selection of a rose-colored frock. Another woman accepts the eclipsing of her best features of forehead and eyes by a topheavy and overshadowing structure two sizes too large in the crown, because, poor dear, "her winter hat is a sight and she must have something for Sunday and she always did like the combination of roses and violets, anyway." Still another will go into a shop and come out wearing the replica of a child's small cook-stove, chimney and all, because she took the affable saleswoman's assurance that "that shape's the latest thing and you look sweet in it." And so on—any old "because."

I am sure that a noble and altruistic gentleman said to himself several years ago something like this:

"I will be a benefactor to womankind. I will make for her hats of such artistic shapes and colorings that she cannot go wrong. Whatever she selects from my stock shall be "bomb proof. Every hat shall be so cunningly devised as to be becoming in some way to every woman. There shall be no more millinery misfits."

And the magician, "for such he was," materialized his dream as you may prove if you will walk into any shop and ask to try on a Rawak hat.

A white Milan has been built on such beautiful lines for framing the face that it needed for sole adornment but a white satin facing and a white satin beaded rose.

A picturesque flower pot to go with the crinolines we are now wearing. One peers with an air of mystery from under the black lace falling over the black Milan brim—or crown, it's all one.

If you have a tawny glint in your hair you will want particularly to point it up with the bit of orunge velvet ribbon which is threaded through the alternating rows of bright green straw and good old-fashioned "rick-rack" of which this sport hat is made.

I don't know whether you'd describe this as a dark blue taffeta hat with a leghorn brim or a leghorn hat with a dark blue taffeta crown, but the main thing is the hand-painted futuristic motif.

Boots climb higher in an effort to reach skirt hems; but the slippers of Spring care not to what end the skirt may come, and point a way of their own. With a bit of silk and a bead or two, one sets out to bag the mode.

A pair of tan Russian calfskin pumps are slimness and trimness to the nth degree, and are moderately priced at $9.50. Rows of imitation perforations give a suggestion of a tip. Cammeyer.

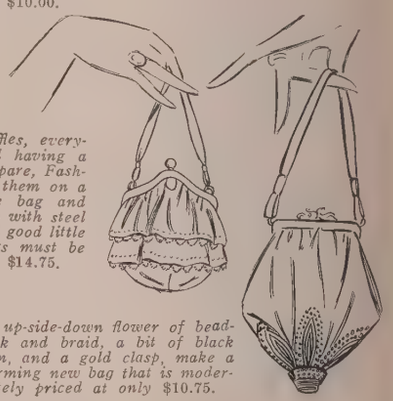
A laced boot rose to great heights to prove that ivory buckskin is the most fascinating of this season's colors and materials. $16.00. Cammeyer.

Button boots from Cammeyer that speak in no uncertain tones for themselves have beaver brown kid vamps topped with ivory buckskin. $16.00.

Cammeyer cut these pumps square instead of round over the instep, because he wanted them to fit snugly without giving the instep the puffiness of a stuffed partridge. $10.00.

A narrow piping of black patent leather is used to further emphasize the interesting lines of a pair of white kid pumps. Bonwit Teller.

A puffy little bag of white amour silk became ruffled on three different occasions because this black and white illustration couldn't show the wonderful robin's egg blue color in its silk lining. $5.50.



Ruffles, ruffles, everywhere, and having a couple to spare, Fashion tacked them on a black faille bag and edged them with steel beads as all good little French bags must be beaded. $14.75.

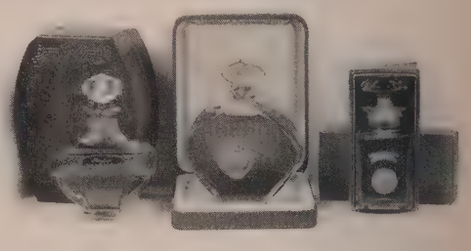
An up-side-down flower of beadwork and braid, a bit of black satin, and a gold clasp, make a charming new bag that is moderately priced at only $10.75.

They Speak A Flowery Language

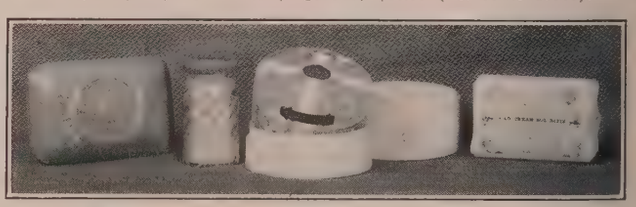
On three dressing tables in the boudoirs of three popular stars, I saw the same French label on the perfumery. So I hastened down to the offices of the firm that import it. "Tell me", I said, "why it is that your perfume has so enchanted Stageland?"—and in answer, they offered this circumstantial evidence.

In a delicately shaped flask (second in the top row), cut by La Ligree, the Modern, comes "Niobe" an amber colored violet perfume. $12.50

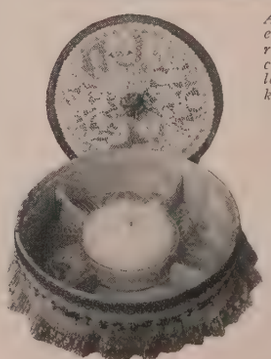
A beautifully cut perfume bottle (the first one), bearing the stamp of Baccarat, is etched in gold to match its golden contents, "Valreine Violet." $12.50.



To the family "Concentré" belong a whole series of toilet appurtenances which may be had in several different floral scents. The sachet, which is put up in funny twisted bottles is priced at $1.50, and the face powder (both shown below) is $2.50, the extract (large size) $10.00 (last bottle above).



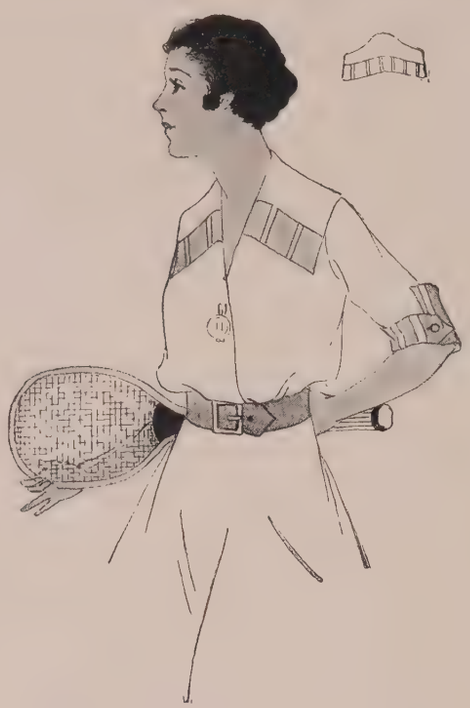
A fragrant cake of bath soap is shaped to conveniently fit the hollow of the hand. Many months are required to thoroughly dry this soap so that each cake contains almost no moisture and consequently lasts a long time. It is very remarkable that a soap of this kind, made of absolutely pure materials, can be sold at the small price of twenty-five cents.



As a compromise between a soapless régime, and the "cleanliness can be achieved by soap only" advocates, "Solidifie," a cold cream soap is offered. It is priced at fifty cents.

Imprisoned between two pieces of glass, a rare bit of old lace serves as the cover of this exquisite beauty box. Many useful little brocade lined compartments radiate from a central powder dish.

The H. W. Gossard Co.
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:--
The Gossard Corset is perfect from every standpoint, is beautifully made, and indispensable.
Elsie Janis



Novelty Sports Blouse

F. 27—of Belfast Linen. Broad collar extending entire width of shoulder. Three-quarter sleeves. Front of waist fastens with one large pearl button. Collar and cuffs finished with striped linen in colors—Blue, Rose, Green and Helio. Especially appropriate for Tennis.

Price, $5.75

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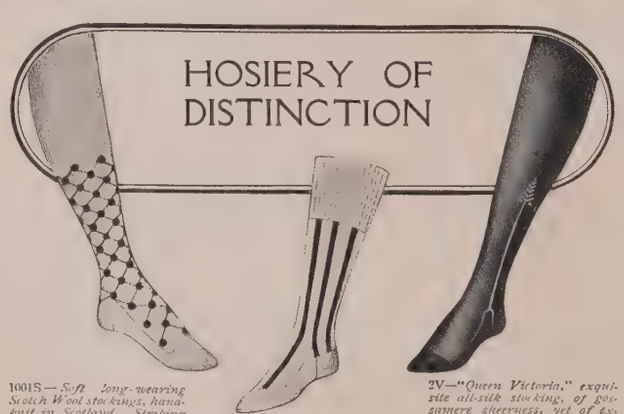
3 WEST 42nd STREET NEW YORK

Peck & Peck



1001S—*Soft long-wearing Scotch Wool stockings, hand-knit in Scotland. Striking and attractive pattern in yellow, green, blue, black and other colors on white,* **$5.00**
Plain white ribbed, **$2.00**

2V—*"Queen Victoria," exquisite all-silk stocking, of gossamere sheerness, yet of excellent wearing quality. In black, white and all the fashionable colors. Plain* **$3.00**
Hand-clocked **$3.50**
Openwork clocked . . . **$3.75**

29—*Finest quality Scotch Wool Tennis Socks. Very striking in white with black, blue, green or rose stripes,* **$2.50.** *Plain white ribbed,* **$1.00**

Mail Order Facilities

Mail orders will be filled the day they are received. Any orders not filled to entire satisfaction may be returned, and their price will be cheerfully refunded. Deliveries are free within the United States. With references, we will be glad to open charge accounts, or to send selections on approval. Any or all selections may be returned at our expense.

Illustrated Booklet on Request.

PECK & PECK
EXCLUSIVE HOSIERY

448 Fifth Avenue at 39th Street
586 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Aristocracy In Stockings

Pick out the white Scotch wool stocking, a little fairy that should be in every sporting home, striped in black; a "nigger brown" silk, individually checked; and the white silk stamped in a circular design—they are all from Peck & Peck. The latter will make up the clocked style on order in any color.

The cry of the season is for up-and-down stripes! But just to show their independence the Onyx people put out a circular stripe—"candy-stripe" so-called—third in the lower picture—which comes in licorice, peppermint, wintergreen, etc., in fact all the newest shades in Spring candies.

THE season is specializing in vertical stripes which are considered smarter and more exclusive than circular ones, though the Onyx hosiery line, to please all comers offer the circular ones striped in colors.

Embroidered white stripes run up the ankles of black stockings: black, brown, blue stripes are woven into the Scotch stockings of soft white wool, and stripes come to match all the silk sweater shades.

When I went to Peck & Peck recently "for to be'old" the new things in Spring stockings I asked to see their "$3 special." Someone had told me about it. "Oh, yes," said the gentleman who was attending to me, "you mean the 'Queen Victoria,'" and thereupon showed me a stocking very sheer in weave, but which he guaranteed to be of wonderful wearing quality.

I wondered, "Why the 'Queen Victoria'?" "I don't know," responded my gentleman with keen appreciation—he was of English origin—"unless it's because it's the very last thing the dear old lady would ever have worn!" As a matter of fact an English actress was sponsor for the name, the stocking having first been made specially for her.

Dyes can no longer be guaranteed, Peck & Peck say. The best they can do is to offer to redip any stocking that crocks. And because of the dye situation one must expect a raise in the price of silk stockings.

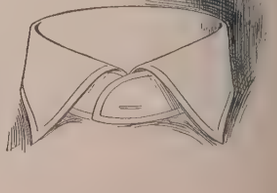
A Forsythe Middy Blouse

The middy blouse is like a lover in that all the world loves it. If you are beyond the age limit—the ante of which has been raised—of wearing one yourself, you love to see someone else wearing it.

DO you want to be a bit ahead of the Fashion and know a shop where you can get the newest note in middy blouses? Forsythe's. Yes! How did you know? Oh, the heading. How clever of you! But even if you'd had nothing to go by you might have made a pretty good stab at the answer. Forsythe does that sort of thing so superlatively well. This new middy is of a beautiful quality of white linen; its blue sailor collar is bordered with white linen in a novel quirk and cravated with blue linen. Blue linen forms the cuffs on the sleeves which, coming only to the elbow, give free play to the arms. The price is $7.50.

A Bit For The Man

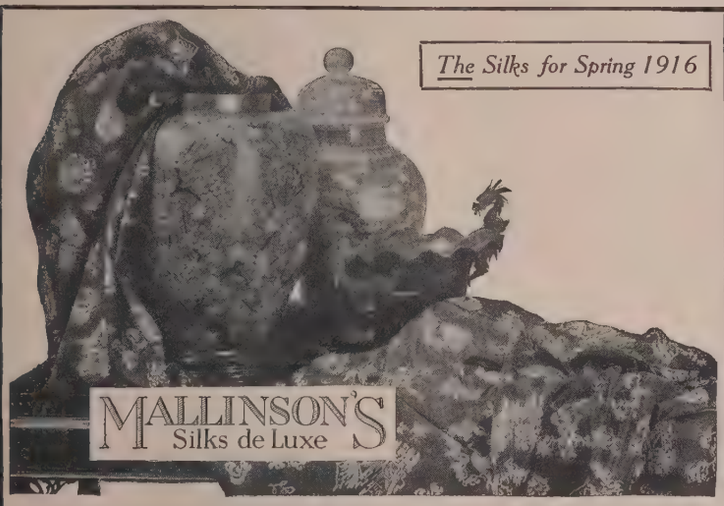
An Ide "Prosperity" soft collar that will not be "turned down" by the man who is discriminating in his taste and careful for his comfort.



BONWIT TELLER & CO.

The Specialty Shop of Originations

FIFTH AVENUE at 38TH STREET NEW YORK



THE new Mallinson Silks give that exclusive, "Smart" appearance to morning, afternoon and evening gowns.

It is because Mallinson Silks are art creations designed on correct fashion foresight with beauty that isn't merely design deep, but that includes the color effects and weaves.

Pussy Willow Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.	The universal silk of beauty
Indestructible Voile Trade Mark	Strongest sheer silk. New color effects and designs
Khaki-Kool Trade Mark	The latest sport silk. A fashion favorite
Will o' the Wisp Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.	Airy in fineness, but very durable and absolutely new

By the yard at best stores—also in made up garments at the same stores
Remember the various names and look for marks of identification on package or selvage

H. R. MALLINSON & CO.
"The New Silks First"
NEW YORK and PARIS

The Importance of Correct Body Poise

To assure an artistic draping of the gown; to give a charming, graceful carriage in walking, the corset must be constructed to give the body a perfectly natural poise.

Goodwin
CORSETS

embody the essentials to perfect poise; provide the most artistic lines and absolute comfort; and correct even the faults caused by wearing the ill-fitting corsets of commerce.

Fitted to Individual Measure

Prices $3.50 to $50.00

Catalog de Luxe Upon Request showing a model for every type of figure.

Goodwin
Corsets of Every Description

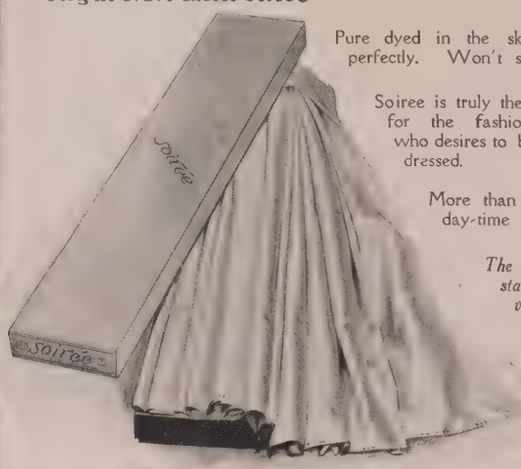
373 Fifth Avenue, New York

CHICAGO, 57 East Madison Street
BOSTON, 687 Boylston Street
PHILADELPHIA, 1120 Walnut Street
SAN FRANCISCO, 330 Sutter Street
LOS ANGELES, 220 West 5th Street

The Season's Silk Successes

Soirée Reg in U.S. Patent Office

The Ultra — Unmatchable Dress Silk —



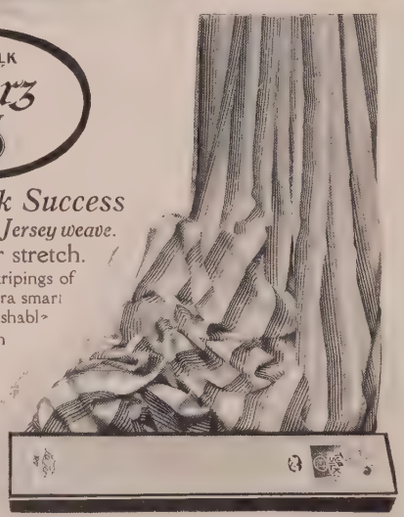
Pure dyed in the skein — it launders perfectly. Won't slip or crack.

Soiree is truly the "Silk Irresistible" for the fashion-loving woman who desires to be *distinguishingly* dressed.

More than 72 evening and day-time colorings.

The name "Soiree" is stamped on the selvage, and the label "Soiree" is sewn in the smartest ready-to-wear gowns, at all the better class stores

SPORTSILK La Jerz REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. GENUINE R&T SILKS



A Sensational Silk Success

An entirely new and unique Jersey weave.

Positively will not slip or stretch.

La Jerz comes in the newest stripings of unusual character. Ideal for ultra smart sports costumes—guaranteed washable. Also made in the newest plain colors. By the yard, or in the very smartest sports models in the ready-to-wear departments of the better class stores.

The name "La Jerz" appears in the selvage and the label "La Jerz" is sewn in the garments ***for your protection.***

Fac-similes of labels which appear in garments for your protection. ***Look For the Label!***

La Jerz REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Soirée REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. THE SILK IRRESISTIBLE

ROGERS & THOMPSON, Inc.

Creators of Silks par excellence

357 Fourth Avenue, at 26th Street New York

The Powder and Cream of Royalty

Violet (Pronounced Vee-o-lay) Paris

Sold in the Best Shops all over the world and 11 West 35th St., New York

Owing to the extra heavy demand for our

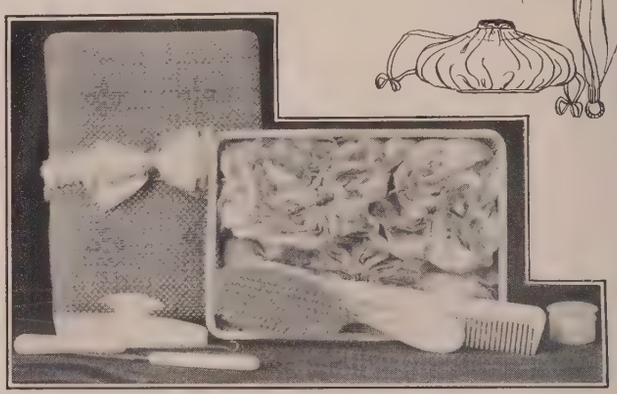
Shakespeare Number

and having been unable to fill all the orders, a second edition is now on the press. Ready for delivery May 1st

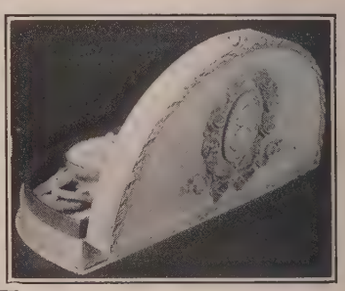
By this little thing and that are the lovely homes and wardrobes of our Footlight Favorites made more lovely

Eastern even to the point of mysteriously vanishing into the tiniest of little bags when not in use, a new silk head-dress is a most ingenious embodiment of all that one could ask of a head-covering. It is a smart beach cap, inexpressibly chic and practical for motoring, and sufficiently dainty and delicate in texture for evening wear.

In the first place the "Japanesy" basket was so light in itself that the clever woman who designed this Pulman Kit decided it was the very thing in which to arrange dainty little silk bags nicely proportioned to exactly take one's toilet outfit. A pretty silk garter holds the lid securely when the basket is closed.



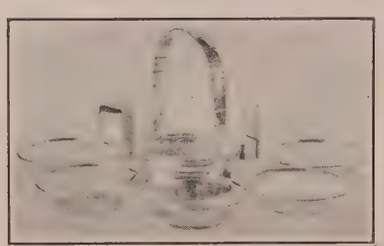
No guest room could be complete without its transitory powder puffs, so a silver Florentine vanity box is made to hold them, a generous supply of powder, and anything else one would care to put in the two extra compartments under its mirror-lined cover.



Since the cackling hen has cornered the breakfast food market, egg sets have become a distinct necessity in every household. An individual set mounted on a Royal Worcester plate has an egg holder, pepper and salt receptacals and a silver spoon. $6.50.

What might be called a jam pot de luxe is a beautifully cut crystal jar topped with an enameled cover in a moiré pattern. The spoon is sterling gilt and envious of the gorgeous cover, it stole a bit of the enameling for its handle. $17.75.

These six glass ash trays come nested in the silver plated stand. Two of them have match boxes attached. $9.25.



You can't go gardening this Spring without a garden basket so here is a wicker one with a water-proof lining. It contains all the necessary tools, nicely fitted to the inner sides of the basket, leaving plenty of room for the flowers one may gather, should the Spring planting prove successful. $14.75

Stage Setting The Dinner Party

WHEN the season's entertaining is at his height and the dinner or even luncheon party blooms in all its glory, then the hostess needs must turn her attention to the ways and means of table decoration—for, to most women, the menu is not half as difficult as the selection of the right kind of scenic effects.

Certain it is that the atmosphere of every dinner party depends largely on the chosen note of ornamentation. It is not enough for a table to look "pretty." In its decoration it must express "character."

A very clever actress who is a very well-known and beloved star often gives large dinner parties at her beautiful Long Island home. Being a past master in Stagecraft, and knowing a thing or two about stage-setting, it is no wonder that her table-effects are the cause of much comment among her fortunate guests.

We have evoked her aid in personally selecting a few "props" from her favorite Fifth Avenue Shops. She said she chose these pieces not only for their intrinsic beauty but because they are so readily adaptable to a great many different styles of decoration.

Black glass is sufficiently distinguished to take its place of the "newest" among the novelties. A flat basket of unusual design seems specially suited to bring out the beautiful tints and colors of a fruit group. Basket—$5. Fruit—$1.50 a piece, except the grapes which are priced at $3.50 a cluster.

Flowers, of course, form the ideal basis for a springtime motif, while fruit naturally suggests itself as belonging to the early summer. Some very clever imitations of fruit can be had, so lifelike that even the fuzz on the peaches is reproduced. They are made of marble, china, blown glass, or a waxlike composition that is imported and just now very scarce.

Among the most delightful pieces of English china, this centerpiece was selected for its very fine modeling and unusual glaze. See how perfectly the little figures are formed and how carefully the small details are worked out. $45.00.

A reproduction of an old eighteenth century Paris compot permits of a formal arrangement of fruit, $20.00.

Almost Greek in simplicity of line is a shallow marble bowl which can be fitted with a screen for short stemmed flowers. Bowl, $8.00. Screen $1.00 extra.

A set of seven pieces in domino effect suggests many delightful variations in arrangement. The complete set is priced at $32.00 but the individual pieces may be purchased separately.

The Bar Harbor

A hand painted hat by Rawak

48 West 38th Street, New York

PARIS RAWAK LONDON

This trade-mark means originality, quality and distinction.

Look for it—in selecting your next hat.

America's Best Sport Hats

Madame Alda
and
La Bohême

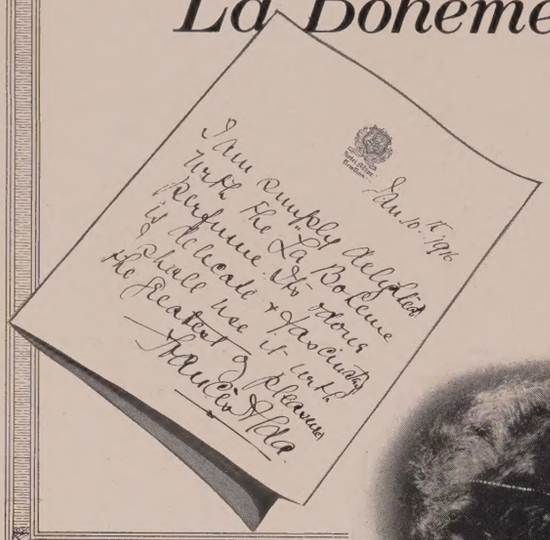


Photo Mishkin

La Bohême, Arly's Masterpiece, can be obtained at the best stores for $4.00.

Vivaudou (Dept. U, Times Bldg., N. Y.) will send a generous sample for twenty-five cents.

Decolleté

A welcome requisite of the careful toilette for social functions of the evening will be found in

Evans's Depilatory

—a soft powder which removes superfluous hair without injury, and, used occasionally, keeps the skin free.

50c for complete outfit—mixing dish, spoon and powder. Money back if you want it. At drug- and department-stores or by mail.

George B Evans
1108 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia Pa.
Makers of "Mum"

TRADE **TREO** MARK
ELASTIC GIRDLE
PATENTED

Made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web which gives freely to every movement of the body, but firmly holds the figure. Boned only at the back and front which affords ample support without a particle of uncomfortable pressure. It is the most popular

CORSET FOR STYLISH WOMEN

because it is the best suited for prevailing fashions, and combines grace with absolute comfort. Whether for street wear, dancing, evening wear, or on the links, its construction and material make it equally suited for the fashionable woman or athletic girl. If your local dealer cannot supply you, write for free booklet. Do not accept a substitute. Six to sixteen inches long. White and Flesh Pink. Prices $1.00 to $8.00.

TREO CO., Inc., 160 E 5th Ave., New York City
Eisman & Co., Toronto, Can., Licensee.

What Were a Spring Without Sport Togs?---What Were Sport Togs Without Stripes?

A Tussah silk sport coat in a dull oyster white, combined with an unevenly striped section circling the waist, of every known hue and color and a few new ones invented for the occasion. $75.00.

Never before was a sweater as exquisite as this white Kayser silk one with its plaid trimmings of knitted silk. A slightly fitted waist line suggests the Empire, but is almost entirely concealed by a silken sash banded in plaid and edged with black and white fringe. $45.00.

EMULATING Miss Billie Burke in choosing ready-made sports costumes instead of having them made specially for her, we visited the Fifth Avenue Toggery Shop which adequately supplied Miss Burke's needs.

This shop specializes not only in Sports Costumes, but in every kind of woman's frippery. It is not a department store, but an exclusive apparel shop whose aim is to beautify reasonably priced merchandise for women of discriminating tastes.

Not alone Miss Burke, but other famous stars rely on this shop exclusively for both their personal and stage apparel.

A postal card to our shopping department will bring you the name of this store.

One must surely score a hit at the game should one choose to play in a dress of creamy white Jersette, or Stocking Cloth, trimmed with as many buttons as a bell hop and the ribbon loops sponsored by Lanvin. $39.50.

A spiffing sports suit whose color scheme was inspired by a visit to the Zoo and the zebra. The material is a heavy silk poplin. Two heavy black tassels hold the collar-scarf in place. $49.50.

A trifle higher are the heels of this season's sports shoes. These low ones of white buckskin are trimmed with insets of navy blue kid. $7.00.

A sports shoe has a Russian calf vamp, white ivory soles and a white buckskin top edged with the tan leather. It is priced at $8.00.

PROSPERITY

the new Spring and Summer

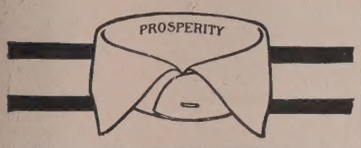
15c Each — Ide — 2 for 25c

COLLAR

with fashion's latest "Piping Rock" bow

GEO. P. IDE & CO., Makers, TROY, N. Y.

Also Makers of Ide Shirts



"Arms and the Woman"

EL RADO

Well-groomed women remove the hair from their underarms with El Rado. It insures a graceful ease and perfect freedom of arm motion not otherwise possible.

"I feel frolicsome," one woman expressed it in her first outburst of El Rado enthusiasm. "Shields are almost unnecessary now," said another; and "My underarm feels as cool and fresh as a baby's," volunteered a third.

EL RADO

A sanitary lotion that will remove the hair in a few moments by saturating absorbent cotton and applying it to the hair, which dissolves in no time.

El Rado does not increase or coarsen later hair growth. No color—perfectly healthy.

Money-back Guarantee.

At all toilet counters . . 50c. and $1.00

We will fill your order by mail if you send stamps or coin.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., 44 E. 28th St., N. Y.

"No, I don't take chances I use

HYGIENOL

GUARANTEED STERILIZED

POWDER PUFF

IN SANITARY ENVELOPE

You don't have to run the risk of receiving a damaging and dangerous skin disease when you use HYGIENOL Powder Puffs because they are guaranteed sterilized. They are made of finest quality lambs' wool and are sterilized both before and after being placed in the HYGIENOL Sanitary tissue envelopes.

Look for the trade mark showing lamb's face in circle, contained on all HYGIENOL sanitary tissue envelopes. If not at your dealers we will send direct on receipt of price. Enclose 3c extra to cover postage.

MAURICE LEVY

15 W. 38th Street, New York

Importer of famous Creme Simon and the Societe Hygienique Toilet Products.

HYGIENOL POWDER PUFF

4 SIZES 10c-15c 25c-35c

Peg o' My Heart Perfume

LOVELY PEG, with her blithesome songs, was no more winning than Peg o' My Heart Perfume with its toilet requisites. In quaint, glass bottles that add a decided tone to the dressing table—extract, 75c, $1.75; toilet water, $1.50, $2.75; cold cream, 50c; face powder, 50c; rouge, 50c; talcum, 25c, 50c; and sachet, 75c.

Send today for six trial packages, 50c.

D'ORMO, Inc.

Dept. C

857 Broadway, N. Y.

"The Best Dressed Woman in the Room"

And she didn't pay the most for her gown either. She bought it at the Maxon Model Gown Shop, where the creations of the greatest modistes in the world are shown,—where each frock has an individuality with that Parisienne smartness, and the prices are just one-half less than elsewhere.

For street, afternoon and evening wear

Every design exclusive—all are original. They were exhibited only on dress forms to illustrate the Parisienne modes. If you wear model sizes come and see them. You are never urged to buy.

Prices from $20 to $75

Two Gowns for the Price of One

No Catalogs—No Approval Shipments

ESTAB. 1899

MAXON-MODEL GOWNS

1587 BROADWAY AT 48TH ST., NEW YORK

For that refreshing cleanliness indispensable to the dainty woman, try

PACKER'S

LIQUID TAR SOAP

(PERFUMED)

Shampoo . Toilet . Bath

BEAUTY AND PAVLOWA

HER complexion charm is in the keeping of Mme. Helena Rubinstein. Like the other leading women of the stage and the superior members of society, she is indebted to Mme. Rubinstein for facial beauty that successfully resists all hardships. Read her letter and understand.

JE FAIS USAGE AVEC SATISFACTION DES PRODUITS DE VOTRE FABRIQUE, ET JE VOUS FAIS SURTOUT MES COMPLIMENTS SUR LA QUALITÉ DE VOTRE CRÊME VALAZE ET DE VOTRE SAVON

TRANSLATION

I am using with great satisfaction your preparations and I compliment you especially on the quality of your Valaze Cream and your soap.

Mme. Rubinstein, the supreme authority on beauty, is ready to advise with you in person, or by mail. In Paris and London her salons were the rendezvous of beauty. "Where Rubinstein is, there is beauty", said Sarah Bernhardt.

Treatments at the New York establishment may be arranged now—or you may consult the attached for preparations suitable to your needs.

NORMAL SKINS

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood nourishes, whitens the skin, removes freckles, sallowness, wrinkles, weather-beaten and muddy appearance. Once used, always used. Price $1.00, $2.00 and $6.00 a jar.

BLACKHEADS AND GREASY, COARSE SKIN

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste refines coarse skin texture, removes greasiness, blackheads and reduces enlarged pores. Price $1.00 and $2.00 a tin.

Valaze Liquidine overcomes enlarged pores and oiliness of the skin, also undue flushing of nose and face. Price $1.50, $2.75 and $5.50 a bottle.

VALAZE SUN AND WINDPROOF BALM

Exposure to the wind and hot sun while motoring or walking and to the cold, strong sea air at the beach causes the skin to become tender. The *Valaze Sun and Windproof Balm* guards the skin against chapping and discoloration due to trying winds or sun. Unequalled as an anti-wrinkle preparation, also excellent as a foundation for powder. Price $1.50 and $3.00.

FOR BAGGY, RELAXED AND FLAPPY SKIN

When you feel that the muscles and throat are becoming flabby and loose, what is really required is something to remedy the defect. I have found among all the preparations that I have been able to recommend the *Roman Jelly* (price $1.50 and $3.00) and the *Georgene Lactee* (price $2.50 and $5.00) the best suited for this condition. Used in time it will prevent such a condition as this.

FOR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

The Novena Hair Destroyer is the only reliable and effectual remedy to quickly remove the growth of hair from the face as well as the arms. Price $2.00.

FOR IMPROVING GROWTH OF EYELASHES

The Novena Eyelash Creak stays falling eyelashes and eyebrows, strengthens their growth—at the same time darkening them. Price $1.50. Directions for the massage of eyes and temples, which will reduce wrinkles and restore brilliancy to lustreless eyes accompany each jar.

FACE POWDERS

Valaze Complexion Powder, for normal and oily skin; *Novena Poudre*, for dry skin. Price $1.00, $2.50 and $4.50.

FOR DOUBLE CHIN

The Valaze Reducing Jelly (Price $1.50 and $3.00) also the *Valaze Reducing Soap* (price $1.25 a cake) are the two most effective preparations to remove a double chin as well as superfluous fat.

A copy of Mme. Rubinstein's book, Comment se fait la Beaute, which has been rendered in English under the title of "Beauty in the Making", sent on receipt of 2 cents postage.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

15 East 49th St., New York City

PARIS: 255 Rue Saint Honore — **LONDON, W.:** 24 Grafton Street

SAN FRANCISCO: Miss Ida Martin, Hotel Fairmont, Apt. 700

PHILADELPHIA: Mme. Rose Schachman, 2536 W. Somerset St.

A "REAL REST" VACATION

When business cares weigh heavily upon you, and social duties seem a burden—it's time to think about the big annual vacation.

Plan now to enjoy a real "rest" vacation at Battle Creek—not a "haphazard" outing—but a period of enjoyable health-getting under ideal conditions.

At Battle Creek you are assured first of all of a carefully arranged dietary. The foods are all selected and prepared with utmost care, and under the guidance of expert dietitians you learn to eat scientifically.

Outdoor pastimes are made a pleasing part of the vacation program. Your favorite recreation—whether golf, tennis, swimming, volley ball or passive games—is available at Battle Creek.

Every guest desiring medical attention has advantage of the extensive resources of the institution. The facilities for scientific examination and treatment are unexcelled.

A vacation spent amid healthful surroundings, where every day is a day of real health-getting, will send you back refreshed and invigorated.

Beautifully illustrated VACATION BOOK and full particulars will be sent on request. Write or use the coupon, as you choose.

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

Battle Creek, Michigan

Box 242

Box 242

Send me that VACATION BOOK and full particulars.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

Victor Records

Marcel Journet came all the way from France for the purpose of making some new records for the Victor and to fill a short engagement with the Chicago Opera Company. On the present visit he made a number of new operatic and sacred records, but perhaps the most important section of his work is the splendid series of patriotic records of the Allied countries. One is the Belgian National Anthem, and the other is the noble old French "Father of Victory."

Caruso gives a magnificent performance of the "Lend Me Your Aid" aria from Gounod's Queen of Sheba, and also fairly surpasses himself in his glorious rendering of a Tosti gem, the "Summer Moon," which has an unusually beautiful melody. Frieda Hempel sings exquisitely the beautiful Mozart "Cradle Song" and Julia Culp gives a most interesting little Serenade, which she sings in her native Dutch, with an admirable piano accompaniment by Coenraad Bos.

Schumann-Heink and John McCormack each contribute a sacred number, the great contralto giving reverently "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and the noted Irish tenor sings "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," with admirable diction. *Advt.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August* 24, 1912, of THE THEATRE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1916, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the business managers of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, editor and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 8 West 38th St., New York City. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 8 West 38th St., New York City. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 8 West 38th St., New York City. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 8 West 38th St., New York City, Mr. Henry Stern, 838 West End Ave., New York City, Mr. Louis Meyer, 8 West 38th St., New York City, Mr. Paul Meyer, 8 West 38th St., New York City. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him

Signed by LOUIS MEYER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1916.

[SEAL.] GEORGE H. BROOKE,
Notary Public, N. Y. County.
(My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

A little girl who had broken her right wrist was greatly distressed about being obliged to discontinue her piano lessons. Her teacher suggested that she take up a course of left-hand work until her recovery. She was delighted, but, before consulting her mother, asked:

"Do you charge as much when you give lessons for one hand as for two?"—*Pacific Coast Musician.*